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THE CHILD'S WORLD

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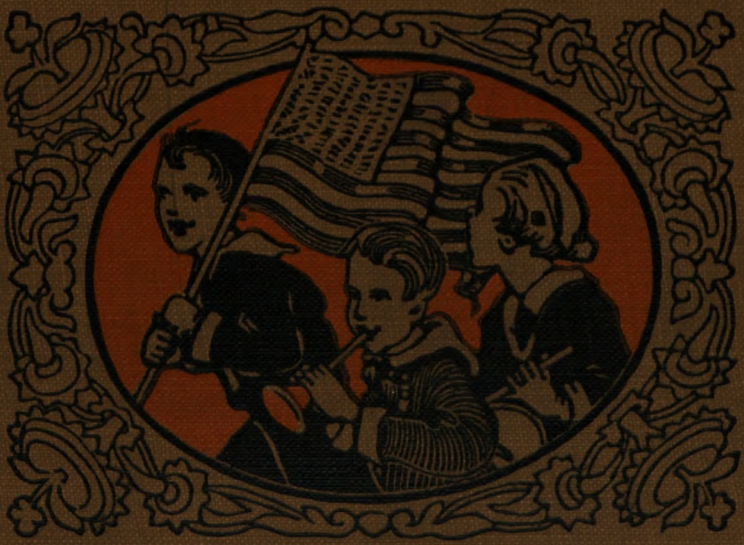

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THE CHILD'S WORLD

SECOND READER

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WITHDRAWN NOV 11 1939
Lena Malone

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For permission to use copyrighted material the authors and publishers express their indebtedness to the Century Company for "Fiddle-Diddle-Dee," from *New Baby World*, by Mary Mapes Dodge; to Doubleday, Page & Company for "The Sweetest Place," from *Pinafore Palace*, by Mary F. Butts; to Small, Maynard & Company for "A Merry Christmas," adapted from *Arabella and Araminta*, by Gertrude Smith, and "Foot Soldiers," by John Tabb; to Milton Bradley Company for "The Little Gray Pony," from *Mother Stories*, by Maud Lindsay, and "Irmgard's Cow," from *More Mother Stories;* to A. Flanagan Company for "How We Came to Have Dandelions," from *Stories in Season*, by M. M. George, and "Why the Rabbit Has Long Ears and a Short Tail," from *Bee Martin and Other Tales*, by Ossian Lang; to Charles Scribner's Sons for "The Bill of Fare," by Eugene Field, and "Where Go the Boats?" "The Land of Counterpane," "The Wind," and "Windy Nights," by Robert Louis Stevenson; to Miss Angela Keyes and D. Appleton & Company for "The Fairy Horseshoe," from *Stories and Story-Telling;* to Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company for "Pine-Needles," by Paul Hamilton Hayne; to Rand McNally & Company for "Little Pumpkin's Thanksgiving," from *Mother Goose Village*, by Madge Bigham; to Frances J. Delano and The Pilgrim Press for "The Brave and Wise Gander," from *Little Animal Stories*, and to Carolyn Sherwood Bailey and the Pilgrim Press for "What They Found," from *Little Animal Stories;* to Clifton Johnson and Little, Brown & Company for "Travels of a Fox," from *The Oak Tree Fairy Book;* to Frederick A. Stokes Company for "Peter, the Stone Cutter," from *The Italian Fairy Book*, by MacDonell; to Lucia B. Cook and *The Southern School News* for "The Country Girl"; to Frederick C. Miller for "The Bluebird," by Mrs. Emily H. Miller.

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CONTENTS

		Page
The Little Gray Pony	*Maud Lindsay*	9
The Pony Engine		13
A Bonny Boat		17
How We Came to Have Dandelions	*M. M. George*	18
The Dandelion		20
Do What You Can		21
The Anxious Leaf	*Henry Ward Beecher*	23
Up and Down	*George MacDonald*	26
How the Wren Won the Battle	*J. and W. Grimm*	27
Mr. Elephant and Mr. Frog	*Southern Tale*	31
The Monkey and the Elephant	*East Indian Fable*	35
Why Bruin Would Not Be Reynard's Partner	*Æsop*	39
Where Go the Boats?	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	41
The Land of Counterpane	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	42
Fiddle-Diddle-Dee	*Mary Mapes Dodge*	43
Fairy Folk	*Robert Bird*	52
The Elves and the Shoemaker	*J. and W. Grimm*	54
The Fairy Horseshoe	*Angela Keyes*	63
Why the Pine Tree Sighs	*Old Tale*	67
Pine Needles	*Paul Hamilton Hayne*	69
Little Pumpkin's Thanksgiving	*Madge Bigham*	70
The Bill of Fare	*Eugene Field*	74
A New Kind of Stew	*Irish Story*	75

Digitized by Google

		Page
The Brave and Wise Gander	*Frances J. Delano*	79
The Eagle and the Owl	*Æsop*	82
The Sweetest Place	*Mary F. Butts*	86
Foot Soldiers	*John B. Tabb*	87
A Merry Christmas	*Gertrude Smith*	88
Santa Claus		93
I Saw Three Ships	*Old English Carol*	95
The Travels of a Fox	*Clifton Johnson*	96
The Fox and the Wolf	*Æsop*	103
Precocious Piggy	*Thomas Hood*	106
Why the Rabbit Has Long Ears and a Short Tail	*Ossian Lang*	109
The Wonderful Pot	*Danish Tale*	114
Our First Flag		121
Three Little Sisters		127
Flag Salute		128
Peter the Stone Cutter	*Italian Fairy Story*	129
What They Found	*Carolyn Sherwood Bailey*	132
The Cobbler and the Rich Man	*An Eastern Tale*	135
The Three Wishes	*Spanish Tale*	138
The Wind	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	143
Windy Nights	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	144
The Nail	*J. and W. Grimm*	145
The Stone in the Road	*Æsop*	147
The Camel and the Jackal	*Tale from India*	151
The Jackals and the Lion	*Tale from India*	155
How They Set Up Housekeeping	*Norse Tale*	159
The Boy Who Found Things Out	*From the Scandinavian*	164
The Bluebird	*Emily H. Miller*	170
Dora, the Girl of the Lighthouse		171
The Country Girl	*Lucia B. Cook*	176
Irmgard's Cow	*Maud Lindsay*	178
What Are the Children Doing?		185
Word List		187

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"Blacksmith, blacksmith, I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

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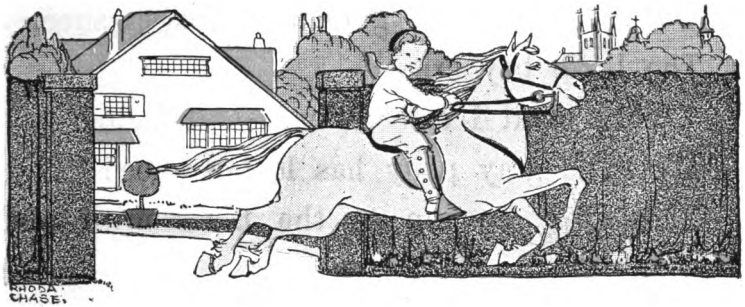

LITTLE GRAY PONY

I

There was once a boy who had a little gray pony.

Every day he would jump on his pony's back.

Away he would ride clippety, clippety, clip!

The pony held his head high in the air.

His four little feet played a tune on the smooth road.

And his two little ears were always pricked up.

Oh, he was a merry gray pony, and he liked to go clippety, clippety, clip!

The boy rode to town and home again, up-hill and downhill, clippety, clippety, clip!

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One day the little gray pony lost a shoe.
The little boy cried,
"What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"
Then away he ran to the blacksmith and said,
"Blacksmith, blacksmith, I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"
But the blacksmith said,
"How can I shoe your pony's feet?
I have no coal the iron to heat."

II

The little boy set out to find the coal.
First he went to the store and said,
"Storekeeper, storekeeper, I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet."
But the storekeeper said,
"I've apples and candy for you to eat,
But I have no coal the iron to heat."

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The little boy went to a farmer and said,
"Farmer, farmer, I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet."
But the farmer said,
"I can give you hay that's fresh and sweet,
But I have no coal the iron to heat."
The boy went on to a miller and said,
"Miller, miller, I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet."
But the miller said,
"I have bags of corn and rye and wheat,
But I have no coal the iron to heat."

III

Then the little boy sat down by the roadside and began to cry.

He said to himself,
"What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony will have no shoe!"

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Just then an old woman came by.

"Why are you crying, little boy?" she asked.

He told her about the shoe and said,

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

The old woman said,

"I can tell you where the coal is found.

You must go to the miner who works in the ground."

The little boy thanked the old woman and went to the miner.

The miner gave him a great lump of coal, and the boy went to the blacksmith.

The blacksmith made a fire, and soon he had four fine new shoes.

Then he put them on with a rap and a tap.

Away the boy rode on his little gray pony — clippety, clippety, clap!

—Maud Lindsay.

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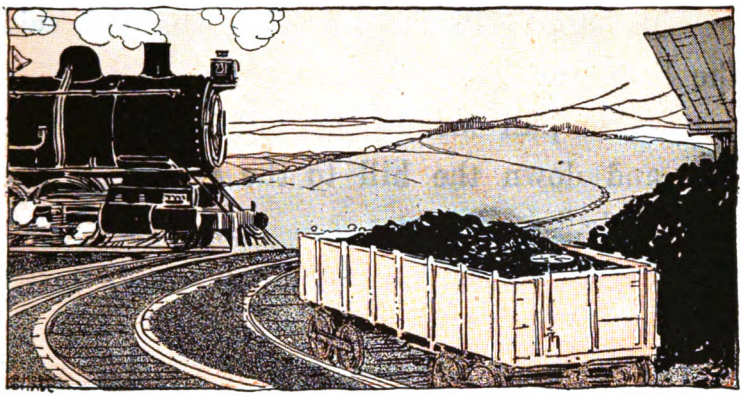

THE PONY ENGINE

I

Once upon a time a little car was loaded with coal.

The car was on a track in a coal yard. It was waiting for an engine.

It wanted to be pulled up the hill, and over the hill, and down the hill to the valley on the other side.

In this valley there lived some poor people. They wanted coal to keep them warm.

By and by a big engine came along.

The smokestack puffed smoke. The bell said, "Ding, ding! Ding, ding!"

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"Oh, stop! Please stop, big engine," said the little car.

"Please pull me up the hill, and over the hill, and down the hill to the people on the other side."

But the big engine said, "I can't; I am too busy!"

Away it went, — "Choo, choo! Choo, choo!"

The little car waited a long time.

Then a smaller engine came puffing by.

"Oh, stop, dear engine! Please stop," said the little car.

"Please pull me up the hill, and over the hill, and down the hill to the people on the other side."

But the engine puffed a big puff and said, "I can't; you are too heavy."

Then away it went, — "Choo, choo! Choo, choo!"

"Oh, dear!" said the little car. "What shall I do? The people in the valley need this coal."

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II

The little car waited a very long time.

Then a little pony engine came along. It was puffing just as hard as a little engine could, — "Choo, choo! Choo, choo!"

"Oh, stop, dear engine! Please stop," said the little car.

"Please pull me up the hill, and over the hill, and down the hill to the people on the other side."

The pony engine stopped and looked at the little car.

Then it said, "You are very heavy, and I am not very big, but I think I can pull you. At any rate, I will try. Hitch on!"

"Puff, puff! Chug, chug! Choo, choo!" Off they started.

All the way up the hill the pony engine kept saying, "I-think-I-can! I-think-I-can! I-think-I-can!"

Then the hill grew steeper, and the pony engine had to pull harder and go slower.

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All the time it kept saying,

"I — think — I — can! I — think — I — can! I — think — I — can!"

It reached the very top with a long, — "Puff—s—s—s—s!" Then it was easy to go down the hill and into the valley.

The little car was now very happy. It had been pulled up the hill, and over the hill, and down the hill to the people on the other side.

The poor people were happy, too, for they had the coal they needed.

The little engine was the happiest of all.

He went away saying, "I — thought — I — could! I — thought — I — could! I — thought — I — could!"

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A BONNY BOAT

One, two, three!
A bonny boat I see,
A silver boat,
And it's afloat
Upon a rosy sea.

One, two, three!
I'll answer it for thee:
The moon afloat
Is the bonny boat,
The sunset is the sea.

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HOW WE CAME TO HAVE DANDELIONS

One night Mother Moon called to the stars, "Come, little stars; the sun has gone down, and it is time for you to shine for the earth people. Come to your places."

The stars did not come.

Mother Moon called again, but still they did not come.

She called again. Then the little stars came pouting. "We are not going to shine to-night," they said.

Mother Moon was sad, for she knew that she must punish the stars.

"Very well," she said. "I will call other stars to take your places. You must leave the sky."

The little stars felt themselves falling, falling, falling. Down to the earth they fell.

They were sorry that they had been naughty, and they missed their mother. So they cried and cried. They cried themselves to sleep.

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Father Sun came up from behind the forest. He looked down and saw the little stars.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Oh, Father Sun, we were naughty, and Mother Moon sent us from the sky. Take us back! Please take us back!" they cried.

"No," said Father Sun, "I cannot do that. You must obey Mother Moon. But I shall let you shine upon the earth. You may be day stars and make people happy as they pass."

And so it was. The little dandelions have shone on the earth ever since. And they have made every one happy by their bright faces.

—M. M. George.

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THE DANDELION

CHILD: Oh, dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?

DANDELION: I just wait here
in the long green grass
Till the children come to play.

CHILD: Oh, dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?

DANDELION: I wait and wait
while the cool dew falls,
And my hair grows long and white.

CHILD: And what do you do
when your hair grows white,
And the children come to play?

DANDELION: They take me up
in their little hands
And blow my hair away.

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DO WHAT YOU CAN

Mr. Smith had a large field of corn. He plowed it and hoed it well. It was fine corn.

But no rain fell for many days, and the corn began to dry up and wither.

The farmer felt very sad. Every morning he looked at the field and wished for rain.

One day two little raindrops saw him. One said to the other,

"Look at that farmer. I feel sorry for him. He has worked hard, and now his corn is drying up. I wish I might help him."

"Yes," said the other, "but you are only a little raindrop. What can you do? You cannot wet even a hill of corn."

"Well," said the first drop, "I know that I cannot do much, but perhaps I can cheer the farmer a little. I am going to do my best, anyway. I shall go to the field and show my good will, if I cannot do anything more. Here I go!"

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Then the other drop said,

"Well, if you will go, I think I'll go, too. Here I come!"

And down went the raindrops. One came, splash! on the farmer's nose, and one fell on a thirsty stalk of corn.

"Dear me," said the farmer, "what is that? A raindrop as sure as I am alive! Where did it come from? I think that we shall have a shower. How glad I am!"

A great many raindrops saw what the two little drops had done. They saw the look of gladness on the farmer's face.

"How happy the farmer looks!" said one of them. "I will go and cheer him up, too."

And down he went.

"And I will go, too," said another.

"And I," said another.

So said they all, until a heavy shower came, and the corn was watered.

Then the corn grew and ripened — all because one little raindrop did what it could.

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THE ANXIOUS LEAF

A little leaf was very, very sad. It sighed all day long, and it sighed all night.

The twig on which the leaf grew heard it sighing.

"Why are you sighing, little leaf?" asked the twig.

"Oh," said the leaf, "the wind has told me that it will blow me off some day. It said that I would fall to the ground and die. I am so sad."

The twig told this to the branch, and the branch told it to the tree.

The tree sent back word to the leaf,

"Do not be afraid, little leaf. You shall not go until you wish."

Then the leaf stopped sighing. It went on singing as at first. Through the warm summer days it danced and sang.

The cool fall days came. All the leaves of the woodland put on bright colors. Some

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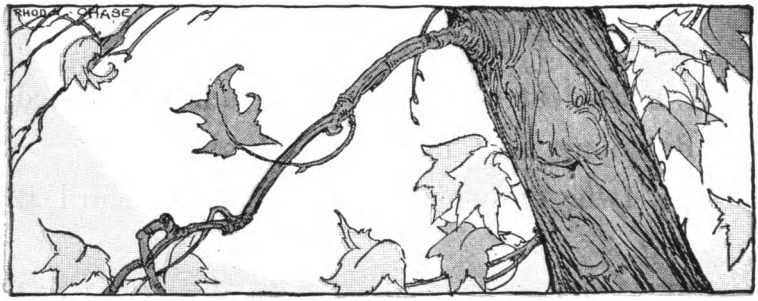

were red. Some were yellow. Some were red and yellow. All of them were beautiful.

The little leaf did not know why the other leaves were so bright and gay.

"Mother tree," it said, "why have the leaves put on such gay colors?"

The tree said, "They have put on their bright clothes to go away. They are very happy."

Then the little leaf wished to go, too. It grew bright and beautiful while thinking about going.

The leaf saw that the branches were as gray and brown as ever. So it said,

"Oh, branches, why are you so gray while I am so yellow?"

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"We cannot put off our work clothes yet," said the branches. "Our work is not done, but yours is."

Just then a little wind came by — puff, puff! The little leaf let go before it thought.

The wind took it up and turned it over and over. Then it dropped softly down by many, many other leaves.

It fell into a beautiful dream and never awoke to tell what its dream was about.

— Henry Ward Beecher.

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day;
"Come o'er the meadows with me, and play.
Put on your dresses of red and gold, —
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Dancing and flying, the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a blanket over their heads.

— George Cooper.

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UP AND DOWN

The sun is gone down,
  And the moon is in the sky,
But the sun will come up,
  And the moon be laid by.

The flower is asleep,
  But it is not dead;
When the morning shines,
  It will lift its head.

When the winter comes
  It will die — no, no;
It will only hide
  From the frost and snow.

Sure is the summer,
  Sure is the sun;
The night and the winter,
  Away they will run.

— GEORGE MACDONALD.

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HOW THE WREN WON THE BATTLE

I

The wren and the bear had a quarrel.

"I shall go to war," said the wren.

"I shall be ready," said the bear.

The wren called together every flying thing.

All the large birds came. All the small birds came.

What a flapping of wings there was!

All the bees came. All the flies came. All the hornets came. Even the little gnats were there.

What a buzzing and humming there was!

The bear called together all the four-footed beasts.

All the bears came. All the foxes came. All the dogs came. All the horses came.

What a tramping of feet there was!

What a growling and howling there was!

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II

The wren wished to know who would lead the bear's army.

She called the gnat to her and said,

"Gnat, you are little and you are cunning. Fly to the bear's army and find out who the leader is."

The bear was under an oak tree. He was growling out his orders.

The gnat hid under a leaf and heard what was said.

The bear said,

"The fox is sly, and he is brave. He shall be our leader."

"Good! good!" cried the other animals.

"How shall we know when to fight?" asked one.

"Watch my tail," said the fox.

"If it is up, you must fight. If it is down, you must run for your lives."

The gnat flew to the wren and told her what she had heard.

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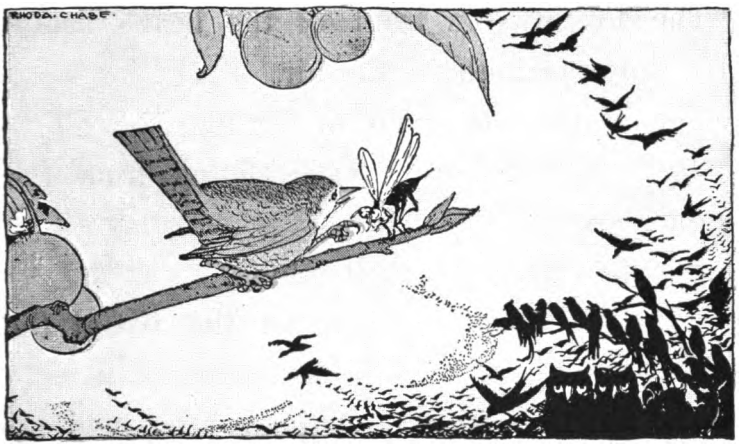

The wren sent for a hornet and gave him his orders. No one knew what they were.

III

The next day both armies were ready.

The bear came to the field with all the four-footed beasts. They shook the earth as they came.

Oh, it was a great army!

The wren came with all the animals that fly. Such a whirring and buzzing and humming had never been heard before.

Oh, it was a great army!

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The fox was in front of the bear's army. His tail was high in the air.

The battle was about to begin.

Just then a hornet came flying from the wren's army.

She flew straight to the fox.

"Zip!" she stung him on the tip of the tail.

The fox was in great pain, but he held his tail high in the air.

"Zip!" Again the hornet stung him on the tip of the tail.

Still the fox held his tail in the air, but not so high as before.

"Zip!" The hornet stung him the third time.

The fox could stand it no longer.

Down went his tail, and away he ran.

The other beasts ran, too.

And that is the way the wren won the battle.

—J. *and* W. Grimm.

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MR. ELEPHANT AND MR. FROG

I

Once upon a time Mr. Elephant and Mr. Frog lived together in a wood.

Mr. Fox, Mr. Tiger, Mr. Hare, and Mr. Lion lived there too.

Mr. Elephant was very, very big, and Mr. Frog was very, very little; but every day they went walking together.

Mr. Elephant went in front, tramp, tramp, tramp; Mr. Frog went behind, hop, hop, hop.

One night Mr. Hare saw them coming home. Now, Mr. Hare was a saucy little fellow and liked to play a joke.

So he cried,

"Oho, oho! Mr. Frog says Mr. Elephant is his horse."

Then Mr. Fox, Mr. Tiger, and Mr. Lion all followed Mr. Hare.

"Oho, oho!" they cried. "Mr. Elephant is Mr. Frog's horse."

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Mr. Elephant said in a very gruff voice,

"Did you tell them that I was your horse, grandson?"

And Mr. Frog said in a high, squeaky voice,

"No, no, grandfather."

But all this time Mr. Frog was thinking of a trick to play on Mr. Elephant.

II

The next day Mr. Elephant and Mr. Frog started for a long walk.

Mr. Frog had heard of a place in the forest that was deep and muddy. Mr. Elephant knew of a place where the bananas grew ripe and thick. So they had a happy time.

On the way home, Mr. Frog hopped up to Mr. Elephant and said in his high, squeaky voice,

"Grandfather, I am too tired to walk. Please let me get up on your back."

"Climb up, grandson," said Mr. Elephant.

He put his trunk down, and Mr. Frog climbed up.

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They had not gone very far when Mr. Frog hopped up close to Mr. Elephant's ear.

"I am going to fall, grandfather," he said. "Get some strips of bark from the birch tree. Then I can bind your mouth and hold myself upon your back."

"I will, grandson," said Mr. Elephant.

Mr. Elephant got some strips of bark from the birch tree by the roadside and handed them to Mr. Frog.

Then Mr. Frog bound Mr. Elephant's mouth, and they went on a little farther.

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III

It was not long before Mr. Frog spoke again.

"Grandfather," he said, "the mosquitoes are on your ears. Get a small green twig, and let me fan them away."

"I will, grandson," said Mr. Elephant.

He broke a small green twig from a tree and gave it to Mr. Frog. Just then they came in sight of home.

"See Mr. Elephant!" cried Mr. Hare.

"See Mr. Elephant!" cried Mr. Fox.

"See Mr. Elephant!" cried Mr. Lion and the others. "Mr. Elephant is Mr. Frog's horse."

Mr. Elephant turned himself about. There he saw Mr. Frog on his back, holding the reins and the whip.

"Why, so I am, grandson," said Mr. Elephant.

Then Mr. Frog jumped down to the ground. He laughed and he laughed until he nearly split his coat, because he had played a trick on Mr. Elephant.

—Southern Tale.

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THE MONKEY AND THE ELEPHANT

I

An elephant and a monkey lived in the same forest, and they were fast friends.

One day the elephant said, "Behold me! See how big and strong I am!"

The monkey said, "Behold me! See how quick and clever I am!"

"Can you pull a tree down?" asked the elephant.

"No," replied the monkey, "but neither can you climb a tree."

"It is better to be big and strong than to be quick and clever," said the elephant.

"Not so," replied the monkey; "it is better to be quick and clever than to be big and strong."

Soon the friends were quarreling with all their might.

A bird sitting near said, "Do not quarrel. Go to Wise Owl. He can tell you whether it

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is better to be big and strong, or quick and clever."

"Good!" cried the two; and away they went.

They found Wise Owl in his hole in a tree.

"Oh, Wise Owl," they cried, "we cannot agree, and we have come to you. Which is better — to be big and strong, or to be quick and clever?"

Wise Owl thought for a long time. At last he said, "Do just as I tell you. Then you will know which is better."

"We will do anything you tell us," they cried.

"Very well," said Wise Owl. "Cross yonder river and bring me the fruit you see on that large tree."

Off went the elephant and the monkey.

II

When they came to the stream, the monkey was afraid.

"Oh! I can never cross that river," he cried.

The elephant laughed and said proudly,

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"Get on my back. I am big and strong, you see, and I am not afraid to swim across the river. Didn't I tell you it is better to be big and strong than to be quick and clever?"

The monkey jumped up on the elephant's back, and they went across the river.

Soon they reached the fruit tree. It was very tall, and the fruit hung high above them. The elephant tried to reach it with his trunk, but he could not. Then he tried to pull the tree down, but it was too strong.

At last he said, "We shall have to go back without the fruit."

Then the monkey laughed at him. "Didn't

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I tell you that it is better to be quick and clever than to be big and strong? I can easily climb that tree."

Up the tree he sprang and threw down the rich ripe fruit. The elephant picked it up, and the two crossed the river as before.

Soon they reached Wise Owl's nest and gave him the fruit.

"We have done what you told us to do. Now which is better — to be big and strong, or to be quick and clever?" asked the elephant.

"I should think you would know that yourselves," said Wise Owl. "Who swam the river?"

"I did!" trumpeted the elephant.

"Who gathered the fruit?" asked Wise Owl.

"I did!" cried the monkey, proudly.

"Then," said Wise Owl, "you should be ready to answer your own question. Sometimes it is better to be big and strong, and sometimes it is better to be quick and clever. Each thing in its own place is best."

— East Indian Fable

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WHY BRUIN WOULD NOT BE REYNARD'S PARTNER

Once upon a time Reynard and Bruin bought a field together.

"We must share the crops in a way that is fair," said Bruin. "How shall we do it?"

"I have thought of a good plan," said Reynard.

"What is it?" asked Bruin.

"This year you can take what grows under the ground. I will take what grows above the ground," said Reynard.

"Next year you can take what grows above the ground, and I will take what grows under the ground. Don't you think that is fair?"

"Yes, that seems fair," said Bruin.

The first year they planted corn.

When fall came, there was a fine crop. Reynard laughed to himself as he took all of the grain and all of the fodder.

Bruin did not like this at all.

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He went to the fox and said, "Do you call this fair, Brother Reynard?"

Reynard said, "We shared the crop as we agreed to do. This year I have the gain. Next year it will be your turn."

"Yes," said Bruin, "that is true." And he went away.

Soon spring came again.

Reynard said to Bruin, "What do you think of turnips for our next crop?"

"Good!" said Bruin. "I like turnips better than corn."

Sly Reynard laughed to himself. Bruin had forgotten their plan of sharing the crops.

When fall came, Reynard got all of the turnips; Bruin got nothing but the tops.

Then Bruin was angry, indeed.

"You are sly, Brother Reynard," he said; "you are too sly for me. I shall be your partner no longer."

Do you wonder at this? I do not.

—Æsop.

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WHERE GO THE BOATS?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so,
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant Land of Counterpane.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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FIDDLE-DIDDLE-DEE

I

Little Davie ran through the garden. He had bread and butter in one hand and a spelling book in the other.

Davie was going to study his lesson for to-morrow.

He ran on till he came to the edge of a small wood. He sat down under a great oak tree and opened his book.

"But first," thought he, "I shall eat my bread and butter." So he let his book fall and ate his bread and butter.

Then he began to sing a little song. It was a song his mother sang when she was putting the baby to sleep.

This is the way the song began:

"I bought a bird, and my bird pleased me;
I tied my bird behind a tree,
Bird said —"

"Fiddle-diddle-dee," sang something behind the oak.

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Davie looked frightened, for that was just what he was about to sing. He jumped up and ran around the oak tree.

Behind the tree was a little brown wren, and it had a little gold thread around its neck. The thread was tied to the root of the big oak tree.

"Hello," said Davie, "was that you?"

"Yes, of course it was! Who else could it be?" asked the brown wren.

"Oh, yes," said Davie. "Oh, yes, yes! But I thought you did it only in the song."

"Well," said the wren, "were you not singing the song? And am I not in the song? What else could I do?"

"Nothing else, I suppose," said Davie.

"Well, go on with the song," said the wren.

II

Davie felt very queer, but he thought he must do as he was told. So he began to sing:

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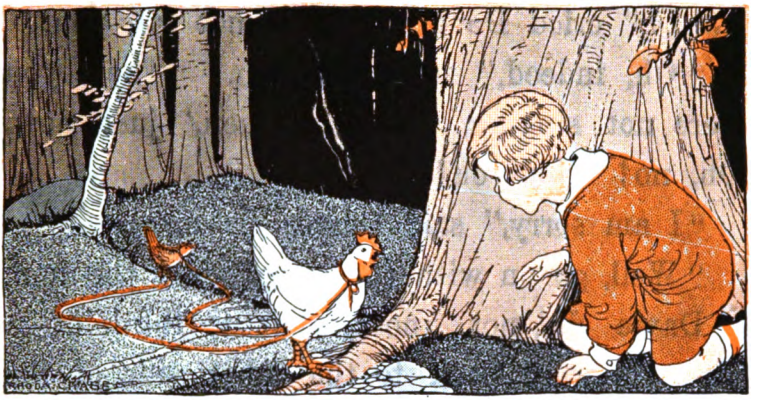

"I bought a hen, and my hen pleased me;
I tied my hen behind a tree.
Hen said —"

"Shinny-shack! Shinny-shack!" said another voice.

It was so loud that Davie jumped. He looked behind the oak tree. There was a little Bantam hen. Around her neck was a golden string, and this string was tied to the wren's leg.

"I suppose that was you," said Davie.

"Yes, indeed," said the hen. "I know when my turn comes in a song. But why did you call me away from my chicks?"

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"I?" cried Davie. "I did not call you."

"Oh, indeed," said the hen. "Then you were not singing, 'Tied my hen,' just now. Oh, no! Not you!"

"I am sorry," said Davie.

"Well, go on with the song," said the hen.

Davie did not know what to think of it all. He went back to the other side of the tree. There he sat down and sang again,

"I had a guinea, and my guinea pleased me;
I tied my guinea behind a tree—"

But here he stopped with his mouth wide open. For out of the woods came a little red man dressed in a suit of green.

The little man was about a foot tall. He had a fat guinea hen tied to the end of a long yellow string. When he came to the white hen, he tied the guinea to her leg. Then he went back into the woods.

Davie looked and looked. Very soon the guinea called to him,

"Why don't you go on with the song?

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Do you think I can wait all day for my turn to come?"

Davie began to sing,

"Guinea said —"

"Pot-rack! Pot-rack!" said the guinea hen.

Davie jumped up. He was almost frightened now. But in a minute he sat down and said,

"I'm not afraid. I will see what the end of this song is."

III

Davie began to sing again,

"I bought a duck, and my duck pleased me;
I tied my duck behind a tree.
Duck said —"

"Quack, quack!" came from behind the oak. But Davie went on,

"I bought a dog, and my dog pleased me;
I tied my dog behind a tree.
Dog said —"

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" came from behind the oak.

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Davie walked around the oak, and there stood a duck tied to the guinea's leg. And to the duck's leg was tied a little spotted dog.

They all looked up at Davie. He was not afraid now. He sat down by the tree and went on with his song,

"I bought a horse, and my horse pleased me;
I tied my horse behind a tree."

Davie stopped, for the little old man was coming again. This time he was leading a white pony, no bigger than Davie's big dog.

The man tied the pony to the dog's leg and went away.

"Well, well! It's a boy," said the pony, as he looked at Davie. "I thought so. Boys are always bothering people."

"Who are you, and where did all of you come from?" asked Davie.

"Why," said the pony, "we live with the queen of the fairies. But when our voices are wanted in the song, we have to come."

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"I'm sure I'm very sorry," said Davie. "I did not know that the song would bother you. But why have I not seen you all before?"

"Oh!" said the pony, "you never sang the song here before."

And then the pony said, "Now that we are all here, sing the song right-end first and be done with it!"

"Very well!" said Davie, and he began to sing.

IV

I wish you could have heard that song. As Davie sang, each animal took up his part and sang in his own way:

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"I had a horse, and my horse pleased me;
I tied my horse behind a tree.
Horse said, 'Neigh, neigh! Neigh, neigh!'

"I had a dog, and my dog pleased me;
I tied my dog behind a tree.
Dog said, 'Bow, wow! Bow, wow!'

"I had a duck, and my duck pleased me;
I tied my duck behind a tree.
Duck said, 'Quack, quack! Quack, quack!'

"I had a guinea, and my guinea pleased me;
I tied my guinea behind a tree.
Guinea said, 'Pot-rack! Pot-rack!'

"I had a hen, and my hen pleased me;
I tied my hen behind a tree.
Hen said, 'Shinny-shack! Shinny-shack!'

"I had a bird, and my bird pleased me;
I tied my bird behind a tree.
Bird said, 'Fiddle-diddle-dee!
Fiddle-diddle-dee!'"

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Davie was very happy. He was about to begin the song all over again; but just then he was sure that he heard his mother call.

"Wait a minute!" he said. "Wait a minute; I am coming back."

"Oh, it's just like a fairy story," he said to himself as he ran toward the house. "I wonder what mother will think!"

But his mother said she had not called him. So Davie ran back to the oak tree as fast as ever he could.

He found his book lying open on the ground. But there was no white pony, nor any of the other singers. They had all gone.

"Well," said Davie, "I guess I won't sing it again, for I bothered them so. But I wish they had stayed a little longer."

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

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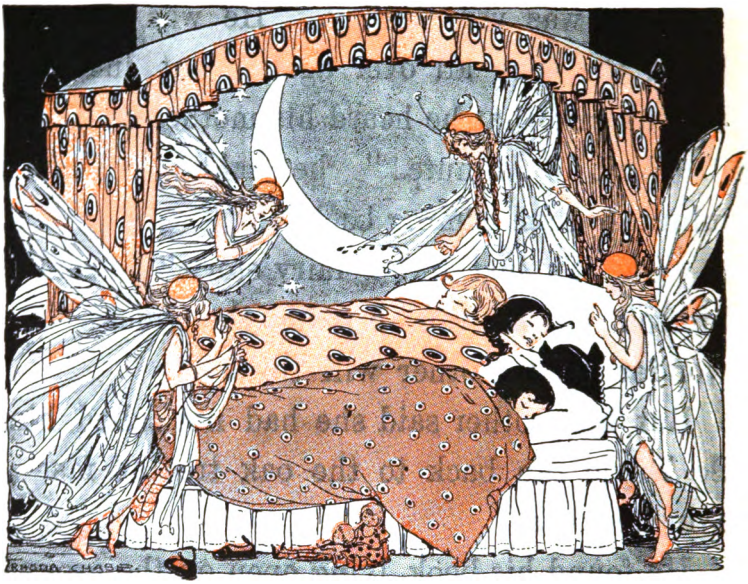

THE FAIRY FOLK

Come cuddle close in daddy's coat
Beside the fire so bright,
And hear about the fairy folk
That wander in the night.

For when the stars are shining clear
And all the world is still,
They float across the silver moon
From hill to cloudy hill.

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Their caps of red, their cloaks of green,
  Are hung with silver bells,
And when they're shaken with the wind
  Their merry ringing swells.

They love to visit girls and boys
  To see how sweet they sleep,
To stand beside their cozy cots
  And at their faces peep.

For in the whole of fairyland
  There is no finer sight
Than little children sleeping sound
  With faces rosy bright.

Come, bairnies, hide in daddy's coat,
  Beside the fire so bright —
Perhaps the little fairy folk
  Will visit you to-night.

—Robert Bird.

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THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

I

TIME: Night.

PLACE: Shoemaker's home.

WIFE: Why are you sad, John?

HUSBAND: Why am I sad? How can you ask? Don't you know that we are getting poorer and poorer each day?

WIFE: Yes, yes, I know that. But surely we shall have food to eat. We need not ask for more.

HUSBAND: No, wife, I fear we shall soon want for food. I have leather enough to make only one pair of shoes.

WIFE: Well, you can sell that pair. Cheer up.

HUSBAND: Yes, but we owe rent for this week. And we owe for food we have already eaten. That will take all of the money I get; so how can I buy leather to make more shoes?

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WIFE: That is all true, but I am sure we shall not starve. We must look on the bright side of things.

HUSBAND: I will try. I shall cut out these shoes and get to work early in the morning.

WIFE (*leaving room*): Yes, cut them out, and come to bed. We must be up by break of day.

(Husband cuts out shoes and goes to bedroom.)

II

(The next morning.)

(Husband comes out to workroom and finds shoes already made. He rubs his eyes and looks again. Then he calls his wife.)

HUSBAND: Wife, wife! Come here, come here. Come quickly.

WIFE: Why, what is it? You look as if you were in a dream.

HUSBAND: I think I must be. Pinch me and see if I am.

(Wife pinches him.)

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HUSBAND: Ouch! No, I am sure that I am not in a dream. The shoes are still there.

WIFE: What shoes?

HUSBAND: Don't you see them on the bench?

WIFE: Sure enough! Who could have made them?

HUSBAND: That is what I should like to know.

Well, I couldn't have done better myself. I am sure of that.

WIFE (*going back to kitchen*): Strange! strange! Who could have done it?

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(Customer comes in.)

SHOEMAKER: Good morning, sir.

CUSTOMER: Have you shoes to sell?

SHOEMAKER: One pair, sir. Here they are.

CUSTOMER: How much do you ask for them?

SHOEMAKER: Five dollars, I suppose.

CUSTOMER: Why, these are fine shoes. You do not ask enough for them. They are worth much more.

SHOEMAKER: Yes, they are fine shoes. Will you give ten dollars for them?

CUSTOMER: Indeed, I will. And I never before bought such good shoes for ten dollars.

(The shoemaker hands him the shoes, and the customer gives him the money. Customer goes out.)

SHOEMAKER: Wife, did you hear? I have sold the shoes for ten dollars.

Here, take five dollars and go to the grocer's. Pay him our bill and get more food. I shall pay the rent and buy some leather.

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III

(A few nights before Christmas.)

WIFE: We have much to be thankful for.
A few months ago you thought we should not have food.
Now we have all we need and we own this house, too.
Besides, you haven't worked hard.

HUSBAND: That is true. I should be happy if I only knew who has helped us so much.

WIFE: So should I.
I will tell you what we can do.

HUSBAND: What?

WIFE: We can sit up to-night and hide behind these curtains. Then we can find out.

HUSBAND: Good! We will do it.

IV

(That night at twelve. Husband and wife are behind curtain. Two little elves come dancing in.)

FIRST ELF: Well, let's get to work.

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SECOND ELF: Yes, we must hurry.
I think the shoemaker nearly caught us in here last night.
We must leave before day breaks.

(They stitch and rap away.)

FIRST ELF (*stretching*): Well, now the shoes are made.

SECOND ELF: And a good job, too.

FIRST ELF: Let us have some fun before we go. Let us look at the strange things people have.

SECOND ELF: Look at this big hat! Do you think the shoemaker wears it?

FIRST ELF: And see what I have found! Can it be that the good wife wears this old bonnet?

SECOND ELF: I suppose so. People are very queer, you know. We can't expect them to know any better.
No elf would wear such things, I am sure.

(They dance and skip around the room and disappear.)

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WIFE (*coming out*): Now, did you ever see such a sight?

HUSBAND: And they think that we are very queer!

Well, the little creatures have been kind to us. I wish we could do something for them.

WIFE: I know what we can do.

I will make each of them a suit of clothes. You can make each a pair of little shoes.

HUSBAND: How can I tell how large to make them?

WIFE: See! Their tracks are here on the floor.

HUSBAND: Sure enough.

I will make the shoes to-morrow.

WIFE: You had better say "to-day."

Look! The day is breaking.

HUSBAND: Yes, it is.

Get breakfast, and we will begin work.

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V

(That night the shoemaker and his wife put the clothes and shoes, instead of the leather, on the bench. They hide behind curtains. Elves come skipping in. They look all around and begin to laugh.)

FIRST ELF: Well, well, well! A pair of shoes, I do believe!

SECOND ELF: Yes, and see these clothes! Do you suppose they are for us?

FIRST ELF: I suppose so. Let's put them on.

SECOND ELF: I don't know how.

FIRST ELF (*taking up trousers*): I have seen them do it. Put your feet in so. That's the way.

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SECOND ELF: Dear me! I shall never get into this coat.

There! I have it on.

FIRST ELF: Now for the shoes.

Well, we are dressed at last.

SECOND ELF: Oh, oh! Do I look as funny as you?

Oh, oh! It is too funny! I shall split my sides laughing.

FIRST ELF: I shall, too.

But bless these good people. They thought we were cold.

SECOND ELF: Yes, and now that they have seen us, we can never come again. But we can leave them good luck.

FIRST ELF: Yes, they shall never want for anything as long as they live.

Come, let us go to the queen and tell our story.

(Elves skip away and are never seen again.)

— GRIMM.

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THE FAIRY HORSESHOE

I

Once there was a blacksmith who was in sad need of good luck. His work was to—

"Shoe the horse,
Shoe the colt,
And shoe the wild mare."

Few brought their horses to him, so he was very poor.

Once at midnight the blacksmith heard some one in his shop. He heard a hammering, hammering, hammering. It sounded for all the world like another blacksmith making a shoe. And all the time he could hear a whistling.

Then he heard some one singing:

"I'm a cunning blacksmith,
I can make a shoe;
Heat the iron,
Bend the iron,
Hammer it true.
Il-y-hoo, il-y-hoo,
Il-y-hoo, il-y-hoo.

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I'm a cunning blacksmith,
I can make a shoe."

The blacksmith listened and thought, listened and thought, listened and thought. Then he jumped out of bed.

He walked on tiptoe crying softly, "I have it! I have it! It is one of the wee small people! I will catch him for good luck if I can."

The blacksmith opened the door of his bedroom without making the least bit of noise. He looked all about the shop.

Not a thing could he see, but he heard the hammering and the whistling. He heard the singing between times:

"I'm a cunning blacksmith,
I can make a shoe;
Heat the iron,
Bend the iron,
Hammer it true.
Il-y-hoo, il-y-hoo,
Il-y-hoo, il-y-hoo.

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I'm a cunning blacksmith,
I can make a shoe."

"It is very odd," said he. "Where can the wee small thing be?"

II

The blacksmith peered about sharply, and at last he saw the elf standing on the anvil.

The elfin smith wore a bit of an apron, and he had a cap on his head. He sang as he hammered away at a tiny horseshoe.

"He will bring me good luck if I can only catch him," said the blacksmith very softly.

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Without making the least bit of noise, he tiptoed behind the wee, small body. He snatched him up, crying, "Ha, ha! I have you!"

Then he opened two fingers to take a look at the tiny smith. But out jumped the elf, crying, "Ho, ho! see me go!"

And away he did go like a streak of lightning. But he left the wee bit of horseshoe in the blacksmith's hand.

And it did bring him good luck, for ever afterward he had plenty to do. So many horses were brought to him to be shod that he had to build a larger shop.

By and by the blacksmith died. He left the good luck fairy horseshoe to his sons. They left it to their sons, and they left it to their sons.

If they haven't lost it, the blacksmith's great-great-great-grandchildren have it yet.

— Angela M. Keyes.

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WHY THE PINE TREE SIGHS

A long, long time ago a little pine tree lived in a great forest far across the sea.

The little tree was happy. It sang all day and it sang all night, and all the other pines sang with it.

Many people came to hear the sweet song of the pine trees. One day a stranger came to the forest.

"I never heard anything so sweet," he said. "What kind of trees are these?"

His friend said, "They are pine trees. We love our pine trees because they sing so sweetly."

The stranger said, "I will take one of them to my home across the sea. I have many beautiful trees there, but none can sing as these trees."

"Dear me! dear me!" cried every tree. "Don't take me! Please don't take me!" And their music became sad.

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But the stranger did not heed. He thought it was a part of their song. He looked all around.

"Which one shall I take?" he said. "The tall ones are too large. Ah! there is a beautiful little tree. I shall take it."

All the trees felt sad. They bent their tall heads and sighed and cried, "Oh, our dear little baby tree! Please don't take our dear little baby tree!"

Again the stranger did not heed. He dug

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up the tree by its roots. He took it across the water and planted it in a beautiful forest.

But the little tree sang no longer. It sighed and sighed. It sighed all day, and it sighed all night. It sighed for its brothers and sisters in the far-away land.

They sighed for the little baby tree, too. And ever since then pine trees have sighed and whispered to each other.

Go to a pine forest and see if this is not true.

— *Old Tale.*

PINE NEEDLES

If Mother Nature patches the leaves of trees
and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning with the needles
of the pines.
They are so long and slender, and somewhere
in full view
She has her threads of cobweb and a thimble
made of dew.

— Paul Hamilton Hayne.

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LITTLE PUMPKIN'S THANKSGIVING

I

It was the night before Thanksgiving. There was not a sound in Peter Pumpkin-eater's garden.

Great Big Pumpkin, Middle-sized Pumpkin, and Little Wee Pumpkin were lying in a corner of the farmer's field. The Frost King had sent each of them a pretty white coat for a Thanksgiving offering, and they sparkled in the moonlight.

"Are all here?" asked Great Big Pumpkin.

"All here," said Middle-sized Pumpkin.

"All here," said Little Wee Pumpkin.

"Good!" cried Great Big Pumpkin.

"Do you know what to-morrow is, Little Pumpkin?" asked Middle-sized Pumpkin.

"Yes," said Little Wee Pumpkin. "And I heard Peter say that he should pull us to-morrow and send us on our ways."

"That will be fine!" said Great Big Pumpkin. "I hope that we shall make the best of

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pies for some one's Thanksgiving dinner. I wish we could go to the palace of the king."

"So do I," said Middle-sized Pumpkin. "Maybe we could see the king."

"I should like to see Cinderella," said Little Wee Pumpkin. "But I am not large enough, nor fine enough, to go to the palace. Still, I wish I could make some one happy on Thanksgiving Day."

Then the three pumpkins snuggled beneath their frosty coats and went to sleep.

II

Little Wee Pumpkin was the first to wake the next morning. Peter had opened the gate, and Cinderella was walking into the garden.

Little Wee Pumpkin opened her eyes and listened. Cinderella was beautiful, and Little Wee Pumpkin had heard that she was good and kind. She was carrying in her hand a bunch of bright flowers.

"See, Peter, I have brought you these from the

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palace garden. They are for your Thanksgiving."

"Oh, thank you, my lady," said Peter.

"I should like to have a Jack-o'-lantern, Peter," Cinderella said. "You must help me find the best pumpkin in the patch for it. It is to make a little girl very happy. She has been ill a long, long time, and I have promised to make her a Jack-o'-lantern on Thanksgiving Day."

"Yes, my lady," said Peter bowing. And they went from vine to vine, hunting the best pumpkin.

First Cinderella stopped at the Great Big Pumpkin, but no, that was too large.

Then she stopped at the Middle-sized Pumpkin, but that was too flat.

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Then she stopped at the Little Wee Pumpkin, and that, — that was just right!

"I have chosen this one, Peter," said Cinderella, pointing to Little Wee Pumpkin. "It will make the little girl happy."

"Yes, my lady," said Peter. And he pulled Little Wee from the vine.

"The two large pumpkins shall go to the palace. They shall go to the king," said Cinderella. "They will make fine pies for his Thanksgiving dinner."

"Yes, my lady," said Peter. And he pulled the other two pumpkins from the vines.

Peter put Little Wee Pumpkin in Cinderella's coach, and away Cinderella whirled off to the little sick girl. Then Peter sent the other pumpkins to the king's palace.

So Great Big Pumpkin, Middle-sized Pumpkin, and Little Wee Pumpkin all had their wishes, and each of them was happy.

—Madge A. Bigham — *Adapted.*

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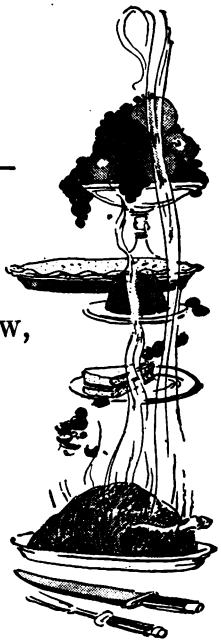
THE BILL OF FARE



Pies of pumpkin, apples, mince,
Jams and jellies, peaches, quince,
Purple grapes and apples red,
Cakes and nuts and gingerbread —
That's Thanksgiving.

Turkey! Oh, a great big fellow!
Fruits all ripe and rich and mellow,
Everything that's nice to eat,
More than I can now repeat —
That's Thanksgiving.

Lots and lots of jolly fun,
Games to play and races run,
All as happy as can be —
For this happiness, you can see,
Makes Thanksgiving.

We must thank the One who gave
All the good things that we have:
That is why we keep the day
Set aside, our mammas say,
For Thanksgiving.

— EUGENE FIELD.

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A NEW KIND OF STEW

I

One cold rainy day an old man was going along a road. He had walked many miles and he was wet and tired. He was cold and hungry, too.

By and by he came to a rich man's house. He went to the back door and asked the cook for something to eat.

"Go away; I have nothing for you," she said.

"May I not come in and sit by the fire?" asked the old man. "I am cold and tired."

"You may sit by the fire, but you must not get in my way," said the cook.

"Thank you, thank you," said the old man.

Soon he was dry and warm, but he was still very hungry. How was he to get food? Before long he thought of a plan. Turning to the cook, he said,

"I am a good cook myself. I can make the best kind of stew. I call it stone stew."

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"Stone stew!" cried the cook. "Who ever heard of such a thing? Pray tell me how you make it."

"I cannot tell you," said the old man. "I will show you if you will let me have a pot and some water."

"Well," said the cook to herself, "this is something poor people should know. I should like to see him make a stone stew." So she gave him a pot with some water in it.

The old man put the pot on the fire. Then he found a clean white stone and put it into the pot.

II

When the water was hot, the old man said, "This is going to be a fine stew. But it would be better with some meat in it."

"I think I have some," said the cook. She went to the cupboard and brought him a piece of meat. The old man put it into the pot.

By and by he said, "This stew is good, but some rice would make it better."

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The cook gave him some rice, and the old man put it into the pot.

By and by he tasted the stew and said, "It needs a few potatoes."

The cook gave him some potatoes, and he put them into the pot.

Soon the old man tasted the stew again and said, "This stew is not bad, but a good stone stew must have tomatoes in it."

The cook gave him some tomatoes and he put them into the stew.

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"Ah!" said the old man, "this stew will be good enough for the best in the land."

"Well!" cried the cook; "just think what one can do with a stone and a pot of water."

The stew was soon done. "Now," said the old man, "we shall have a real feast."

He gave a bowl of stew to the cook and took one himself.

"Did you ever eat so good a stew?" he asked.

"It tastes like all other stews to me," said the cook.

"Ah, that is your loss," he said. "Some people never get the flavor of the stone."

He ate and ate until he could eat no more.

By this time the rain had stopped, and the sun was shining bright.

"I must be going now," said the old man. "Thank you very much, kind cook. I think you now know how to make a stone stew."

He went on down the road, humming a merry tune.

— Irish Story.

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THE BRAVE AND WISE GANDER

Once there was a brave gander. Yes, he was not only brave but also wise.

One day a turkey gobbler saw a red rag on a fence in the barnyard. It made him quite angry. Who had put a rag on the barnyard fence?

The gobbler ran at the rag and gobbled and gobbled. Oh, how he did gobble! He frightened everyone in the barnyard.

The little turkeys ran to one corner. The guineas ran to another corner. The hens ran this way and that. The ducks jumped into the pond. The geese tried to get under the house. The rooster flew to the top of the fence and crowed.

Such quacking there was! Such clucking there was! Such crowing there was! No one ever heard the like.

All the time the brave gander stood still. He looked all about him and said nothing.

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Then, passing by the angry gobbler, he walked up to the rag. He took it in his bill and threw it over the fence.

The silly gobbler was ashamed. He hid under the barn and was not seen again that day.

Then the ducks came back from the pond. "Quack, quack! How brave the gander is!" they said.

"Cluck, cluck! How brave the gander is!" said the hens.

"Pot-rack, pot-rack! How brave the gander is!" said the guineas.

"Cock-a-doo-dle-doo! How brave the gander is!" crowed the rooster.

And the geese walked around the barnyard just as proud as they could be.

A pigeon, who had seen what the gander had done, told the crow about it. The crow told Brown Rabbit. Brown Rabbit told Gray Squirrel. Gray Squirrel told Green Frog.

Soon all had heard of the brave gander, and all wished to see him.

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To the barnyard they came. Some got on top of the fence. Some peeped under it. Some jumped over it.

"Stand back!" said the pigeon. "Stand back and let everyone see Brave Gander."

The hens and the rooster stood back. The guineas and the turkeys stood back. All the animals saw Brave Gander.

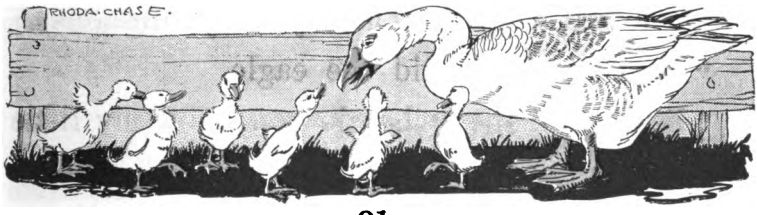
And what do you think Brave Gander did? He bowed to the squirrel and the rabbit. He bowed to the crow and the frog.

Then he called all the little geese to him.

"Children," he said, "listen to an old gander. If you ever hear of a good deed done, do not run to see who did it. Stay at home and do a good deed yourself."

Now, was not the gander wise as well as brave?

—Frances J. Delano.



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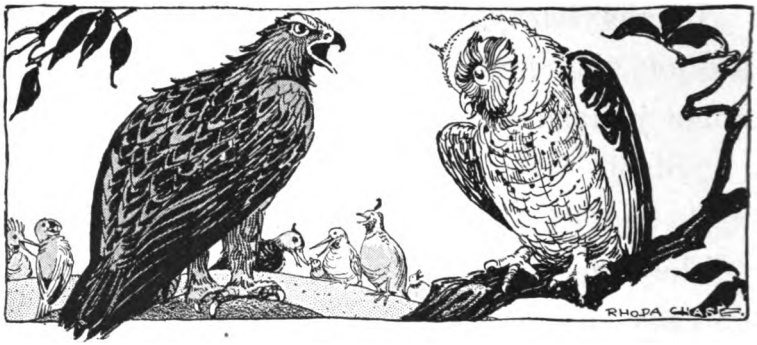

THE EAGLE AND THE OWL

I

The eagle and the owl had many quarrels. They quarreled so much that the other birds laughed when they saw them together.

"What are you quarreling about to-day?" they would ask.

One day the eagle said, "Let us stop quarreling. Let us be friends."

"Gladly," said the owl.

"If you will always help me and my young ones, I will help you and your young ones."

"That is fair," said the eagle.

"But," said the owl, "do you know my little ones when you see them?"

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"No," said the eagle, "I have never seen your little ones."

"The greater your loss," said the owl.

"Well, how do they look?" asked the eagle.

"They are the sweetest, prettiest things in the world!

"Such fine eyes! Such beautiful feathers! Such dear little ways!

"Oh, they are the prettiest birds in the woods!

"You will know them when you see them, I am sure!"

A few days later the owl met the eagle in the woods.

"Oh, friend eagle," she cried, "are you going by my nest?"

"Yes," said the eagle.

"Well, please do me a favor. I have found such fine worms. Tell my babies to come here and get them. I am afraid to go away. Some other birds might take the worms."

"All right," said the eagle, as she flew away

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II

Soon the eagle came to a nest.

Three little birds stared at her. They blinked their eyes and said not a word.

"Dear me! I thought this was friend owl's nest, but it can't be," she said.

"These ugly little staring birds can't be hers. She said that they were the prettiest birds in the woods."

And on the eagle went.

Mother owl waited and waited, but her

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babies did not come. At last she went back home.

"Why did you not come when I sent for you?" she asked.

"No one came for us!" cried all the little owls.

Then the owl was indeed angry with the eagle.

Soon the eagle came by and saw the owl with her babies.

"What!" cried the eagle. "Is this your nest? And are these your babies?"

"Yes, and why did you not tell them what I said?" replied the owl.

"Why, I didn't think these could be your babies," said the eagle. "You said that they were the prettiest babies in the woods. These are the ugliest birds I have ever seen."

Then the owl was more angry than ever, and after that she never spoke to the eagle.

If you don't know why, ask your mother; she will tell you. — Æsop.

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THE SWEETEST PLACE

A meadow for the little lambs;
A honey hive for bees;
And pretty nests for singing birds
Among the leafy trees.
There's rest for all the little ones
In one place or another;
But who has half so sweet a place
As baby with her mother?

The little chickens cuddle close,
Beneath the old hen's wing;
"Peep! peep!" they say; "we're not afraid
Of dark or anything."
So, safe and sound, they nestle there,
The one beside the other;
But safer, happier, by far,
Is baby with her mother.

—Mary F. Butts.

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FOOT SOLDIERS

'Tis all the way to Toe-town,
Beyond the Knee-high hill,
That Baby has to travel down
To see the soldiers drill.

One, two, three, four, five, a-row —
A captain and his men —
And on the other side, you know,
Are six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

—JOHN B. TABB.

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS

I

It was winter, and the snow was falling fast. The little white flakes were chasing each other out of the sky. Faster and faster and faster they came, until the ground was all covered.

And still it kept snowing and snowing and snowing. The snow became deeper and deeper and deeper.

The fence was covered, and the rosebush looked like a pile of snow. You could not see the path to the garden or the road to the barn.

Polly stood at the window and watched the

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little white flakes chasing each other out of the sky.

And Molly stood at the window and watched the little white flakes chasing each other out of the sky.

Polly clapped her little hands and said, "Now Christmas will come, I am sure!"

And Molly clapped her little hands and said, "Now Christmas will come, I am sure!"

Every morning Polly would say, "Is it Christmas to-day, mother?"

And every morning Molly would say, "Is it Christmas to-day, mother?"

And their mother would say, "No, not to-day; not to-day."

II

But Christmas did come at last. Polly hung her two dear little stockings on one side of the fireplace.

And Molly hung her two dear little stockings on the other side of the fireplace.

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Then Polly went to bed and slept and slept and slept.

And Molly went to bed and slept and slept and slept.

But Santa Claus was wide-awake. The moon was shining, and on the ground the snow lay soft and white.

It was cold, very cold. It made one shiver and shake. Yes, it made one shiver and shake. But it was a beautiful night for Santa Claus.

While Polly slept and while Molly slept, he came in his sleigh drawn by six reindeer. Down the chimney he went.

There by the fireplace he found Polly's two little stockings and Molly's two little stockings. He filled them full, so full that they ran over.

Then up the chimney he went as quick as a wink. He was soon riding to the next house.

And Polly slept and slept, and Molly slept and slept.

Then it was Christmas morning!

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III

When Polly woke up, she said, "Oh! Molly, let us see if Santa Claus did come."

And Molly said, "Yes, let us see if Santa Claus did come."

They jumped out of their little beds and put on their flannel gowns. Then they ran downstairs as fast as they could go.

There, by the fireplace, the four little stockings were hanging. They were full, yes, full and running over.

Polly said, "Just see my stocking, Molly."

And Molly said, "Just see my stocking, Polly."

Then they looked at their presents. Polly had a big new doll, and Molly had a big new doll.

Polly had a little set of dishes, and Molly had a little set of dishes.

Polly had a story-book, a beautiful story-book, and Molly had a story-book, a beautiful story-book.

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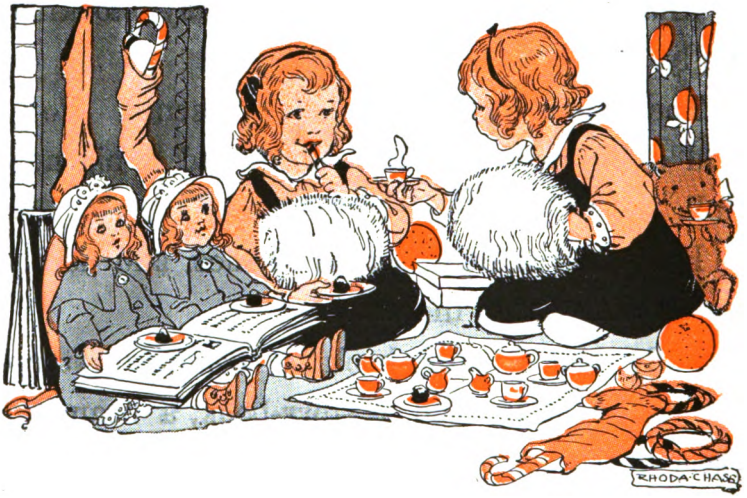
Polly had a little white muff all for herself, and Molly had a little white muff all for herself.

They had candy and nuts and oranges and apples — all of the good things that children should have.

All day long they played with their presents. Yes, all Christmas day they played with their presents.

And it was a very, very merry Christmas for Polly and Molly.

— GERTRUDE SMITH.



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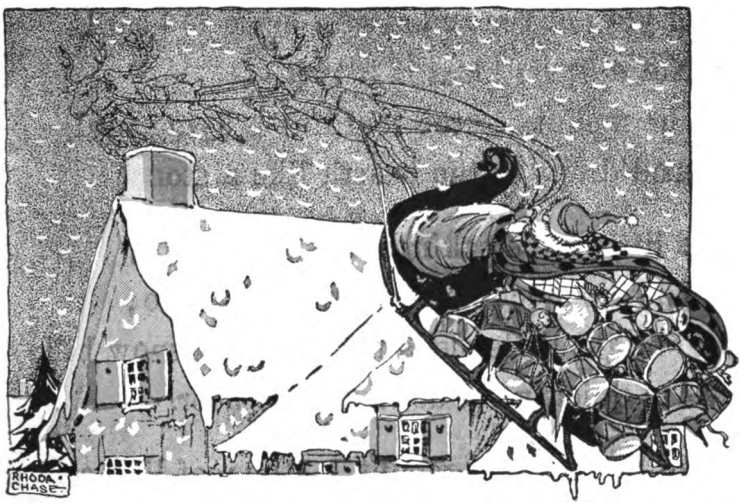

SANTA CLAUS

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side,
With the sticks fastened under the strings.

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And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the roof like a flying bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.

Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.

Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man,
When you find who the little man is.

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THREE SHIPS

I saw three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by;
I saw three ships come sailing by,
New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,
Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them then,
New Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them then;
Three pretty girls were in them then,
New Year's Day in the morning.

One could whistle, and one could sing,
One could sing, one could sing;
The other could play on the violin,
New Year's Day in the morning.

—Old English Carol.

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THE TRAVELS OF THE FOX

I

Once a fox started out to see the world.

"Perhaps I shall find something to bring back with me," he said.

He picked up a bag and walked gayly down the road. Soon he saw a bumblebee.

"I will put that bee into my bag," he said. "Perhaps I can trade it for something."

By and by he came to a house. He knocked, and a woman opened the door.

"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?" asked the fox.

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"I suppose you may," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

This made the woman wonder what was in the bag. Just as soon as the fox was out of sight, she opened it to peep in. No sooner had she untied the string when — buzz! buzz! out flew the bumblebee.

Just then a rooster was passing. He caught the bumblebee and ate it.

Soon the fox came back. He saw that his bag had been opened.

"Where is my bumblebee?" he asked, as he looked around.

"I opened the bag just a wee bit," said the woman. "The bumblebee flew out and the rooster ate it."

This pleased the fox. Now he could get a rooster for his bumblebee.

So he said, "Very well then, I must have the rooster." He caught the rooster and, putting it into his bag, he went on.

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II

The fox soon came to another house. He knocked, and a woman opened the door.

"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's and back?" asked the fox.

"I suppose you may," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

This woman, too, began to wonder what was in the bag. Just as soon as the fox was out of sight, she opened it to peep in. No sooner had she untied the string when — flop! flop! out flew the rooster.

Just then a pig was passing; he caught the rooster and ate him.

Soon the fox came back. He saw that his bag had been opened.

"Where is my rooster?" he asked, as he looked around.

"I opened the bag just a wee bit," said the woman. "The rooster flew out, and the pig ate him."

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This pleased the fox. "Very well then," he said, "I must have the pig."

He caught the pig and, putting it into his bag, he went on.

Before long the fox came to another house. He knocked, and a woman opened the door.

"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?" asked the fox.

"I suppose you may," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

This woman began to wonder what was in the bag, as the others had done. Just as soon as the fox was out of sight, she opened it to peep in. No sooner had she untied the string when — woof! woof! out jumped the pig.

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The woman ran after the pig, and her little boy ran after him, too. They ran and ran, but the pig got away.

After awhile the fox came back. He saw that his bag had been opened.

"Where is my pig?" he asked.

"I opened the bag just a wee bit," said the woman, "and the pig jumped out. My little boy tried to catch him, but the pig ran off into the fields."

This pleased the fox. Now he could get a little boy for the pig. "Very well then," he said, "I must have the little boy."

"Oh, please don't take my little boy!" cried the woman.

"Yes, I must have him," said the fox. So he put the little boy into the bag and went on.

III

Soon the fox came to another house. He knocked, and a woman opened the door.

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"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?" asked the fox.

"I suppose you may," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

Now, this woman was too busy to wonder what was in the fox's bag. She was making cakes for her little boys and girls.

The little boy in the bag could smell the cakes. They smelt just like the ones his mother made for him. He could keep quiet no longer, and he began to cry.

The woman heard him and ran to the bag. She opened it, and there was the little boy.

She asked him how he came to be in the bag, and the little boy told her what had happened.

"Don't cry, little boy," the good woman said. "We will get even with that old fox."

She called up the house dog and put him into the bag.

Soon the fox came back. He picked up his

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bag and started home, well pleased with his good luck.

"First I had a bumblebee," he said, "and I got a rooster for it. Then I got a pig for my rooster. Now I have a little boy for the pig. I am very lucky. I think I shall just take a look at that boy."

He untied the bag, and out jumped the dog. "Gr-r-r-r! gr-r-r-r!" he went.

And that was the end of the fox.

— Clifton Johnson.

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THE FOX AND THE WOLF

One night a wolf caught a fox. The fox was frightened, but he wasn't too frightened to think of trying to get away from the wolf. At last he thought of a plan.

He said to the wolf, "You will eat me, I know, but I have a favor to ask before you do."

"What is that?" asked the wolf.

"On a farm not far from here lives a man who has many cheeses," said the fox. "Every night I get a cheese to take home to my children. Please let me take a cheese to them before you eat me."

"Where are the cheeses?" asked the wolf.

"They are in a well in the man's yard."

"In a well! How do you get them?"

"Oh, I go down in the pail and bring up a cheese," replied the fox.

"Well, I like cheese," said the wolf. "I think I shall go with you."

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Now, this did not please the fox, for he had planned to escape by going alone. But there was nothing else to be done.

"Very well; come on," he said.

The moon was very bright that night. The two crept along quietly, for they did not wish to be seen.

II

Soon they came to the well. The fox peeped in. There was a little water at the bottom. In it he saw the big, round, yellow moon.

"Come and look, Brother Wolf!" cried the fox. "There is a big cheese in the well. It is as big as a mill wheel. Look, look! Did you ever see anything so fine?"

"Never," said the wolf.

"Now go down in the pail," said the fox. "You can eat your fill."

"No," growled the wolf. "You cannot play your tricks on me. You are the one to go down. If you don't go at once and bring me a cheese, I will eat you."

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"All right," said the fox. "I'll go down."

He jumped into one of the pails and soon he was at the bottom.

"Oh, it is a fine cheese!" he cried.

"Well, bring it up," growled the wolf.

"I can't," said the fox. "I cannot lift it. You will have to help me bring it up."

"How am I to come down?" asked the wolf.

"Get into the other pail, of course," said the fox. "You will come down safe and sound."

The wolf jumped into the pail, and down it went. As he went down, the fox came up.

As they passed each other, the fox called out,

"Good-by, Brother Wolf,
You'll get there soon,
And feast on cheese
With the man in the moon."

— Æsop.

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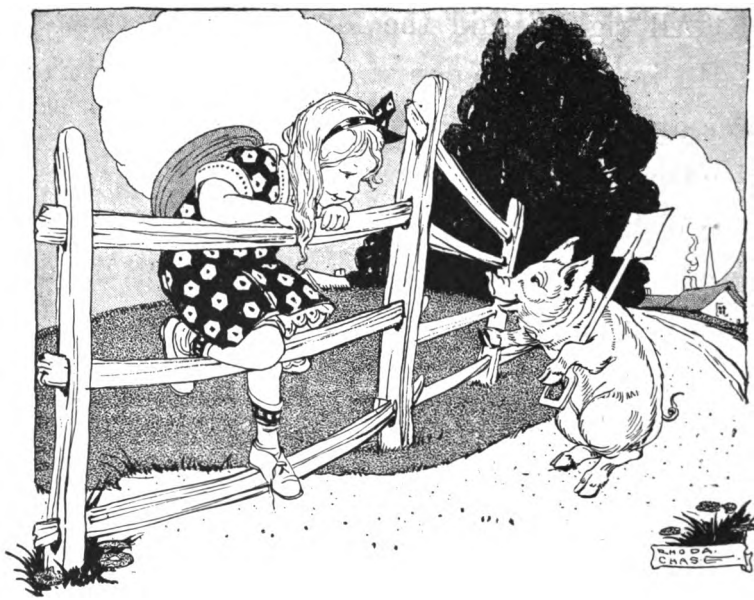

PRECOCIOUS PIGGY

CHILD: Where are you going, you little pig?

FIRST PIG: I'm leaving my mother, I'm growing so big!

CHILD: So big, young pig!
So young, so big!
What, leaving your mother, you foolish young pig?

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CHILD: Where are you going, you little pig?

SECOND PIG: I've got a new spade, and I'm going to dig!

CHILD: To dig, little pig!
A little pig dig!
Well, I never saw a pig with a spade that could dig!

Where are you going, you little pig?

THIRD PIG: Why, I'm going to have a nice ride in a gig.

CHILD: In a gig, little pig!
What, a pig in a gig!
Well, I never saw a pig ride in a gig!

Where are you going, you little pig?

FOURTH PIG: I'm going to the barber's to buy a wig!

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CHILD: A wig, little pig!
A pig in a wig!
Why, whoever before saw a pig in a wig?

Where are you going, you little pig?

FIFTH PIG: Why, I'm going to the ball to dance a fine jig!

CHILD: A jig, little pig!
A pig dance a jig!
Well, I never before saw a pig dance a jig!

Where are you going, you little pig?

SIXTH PIG: I'm going to the fair to run a fine rig!

CHILD: A rig, little pig!
A pig run a rig!
Well, I never before saw a pig run a rig!

—THOMAS HOOD.

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WHY THE RABBIT HAS LONG EARS AND A SHORT TAIL

I

The rabbit has not always had long ears and a short tail. Many years ago he had short ears and a long bushy tail. It was the bushy tail that got him into trouble.

The fox was jealous of Jack Rabbit because of that tail, and Jack Rabbit knew it. Whenever he saw the fox, he waved his tail up and down, and right and left. Oh, he felt "biggety-big."

This made the fox angry. "I'll get even with that rabbit some day," he said. "He shall not wave his tail in my face all the time."

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One day he had a chance to get even with Jack Rabbit.

He was coming up the road with a fine string of fish when he met Jack Rabbit.

"Good morning, Brother Fox," said Jack Rabbit. "Where did you get those fine fish?"

"I caught them in the creek," the fox answered.

"How did you catch them, Brother Fox?" asked Jack Rabbit. "I see that you have no hook and line."

"I did not use a hook and line, Brother Rabbit," said the fox.

"What? Catch fish without hook or line! I should like to try it. How can I do it?" asked Jack Rabbit.

"Oh! it is easy," said the fox. "Just sit on the log that lies across the creek and hang your tail down from sundown until daybreak. You will catch more fish than you can eat in a week."

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Jack Rabbit liked fish better than anything else, so he made up his mind to go fishing that very night.

II

Jack Rabbit started to the creek just before sundown. He took a warm blanket with him, for it was winter and the night was cold.

Soon he came to the creek. He wrapped the blanket around him and sat on the log with his tail hanging down in the water.

It grew colder and colder. But Jack Rabbit thought of the fine fish he would have in the morning, and he wrapped the blanket a little closer around him. There he sat quite still.

At last day began to break. "Now I shall get my fish," said Jack Rabbit, and he gave a pull.

Now, Jack Rabbit's tail was frozen in the ice, but he did not know this. He thought that his tail was being held by the fish he had caught. So he pulled harder and harder, but the tail stuck fast in the ice.

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Jack Rabbit began to be frightened. He was afraid that the fish might draw him into the water. He shouted for help as loud as he could.

III

A big old owl lived in a hollow tree near the creek. He heard Jack Rabbit calling for help.

He said to himself, "I wonder where Jack Rabbit is. I hear his voice. I will try to find him."

Away the owl flew to the creek and soon found Jack Rabbit.

"Mr. Owl," cried Jack Rabbit, "won't you please help me pull out the fish I have caught?"

"With pleasure," said the owl.

Then he flew down and caught hold of Jack Rabbit's left ear with his beak. He pulled and pulled. All the time the ear grew longer and longer, but the rabbit's tail still held fast in the ice.

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Then the owl took hold of the right ear and pulled and pulled. The right ear grew longer and longer, but the rabbit's tail still held fast in the ice.

"You have made my ears so long that my best friends won't know me," said Jack Rabbit. "Why don't you pull at my tail, Mr. Owl?"

The owl had a better plan than that. Part of the rabbit's tail was outside of the ice. The owl put his hooked bill around that part of the tail, and clip! he snapped it off.

Jack Rabbit ran home as fast as he could, and hid himself for many days. But his ears never grew shorter and his tail never grew longer.

From that day to this, all rabbits have had long ears and short tails.

—Ossian Lang.

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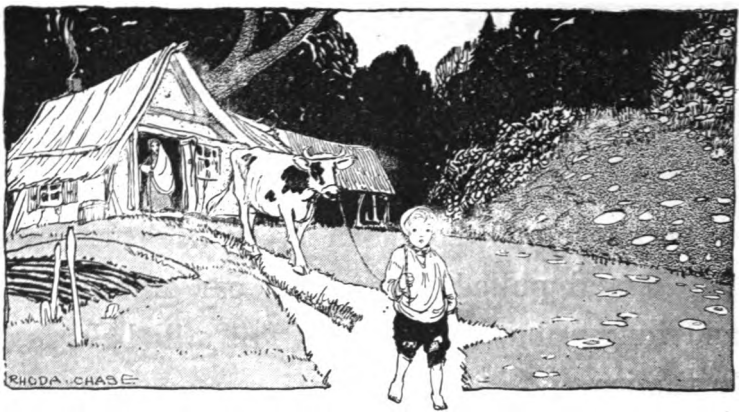

THE WONDERFUL POT

I

Once upon a time there lived a little boy and his mother. They were very poor, because a rich man had stolen all of their money. They lived in a tiny hut, and all that they had in the world was a cow.

At last they had not a bite to eat. What could be done?

"You must sell the cow," the mother said one day to the little boy.

So he tied a rope to the cow and started off to sell her.

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On the way he met a stranger. The stranger took from under his cloak a black iron pot with three legs.

"Will you give me your cow for this iron pot?" he asked.

"Oh, no! not I," said the little boy.

Just then he heard a wee voice. It was the little iron pot talking.

"Take me; do take me," said the pot.

The little boy gave the cow to the stranger and took the pot home.

When his mother saw the pot, she was angry.

"What have you done?" she cried. "To think of selling our good cow for a little iron pot!"

Just then the little pot began to dance about the floor. "Clean me and put me over the fire," it said.

So the mother washed the pot and set it over the fire. "If I only had something to put into it," she said.

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"I skip, I skip," said the pot, jumping from the fire and running across the floor.

"How far do you skip?" asked the mother.

"To the rich man's house," answered the pot.

It skipped out of the door. Up the road it went as fast as its three legs could carry it.

Now, the rich man's wife was making a pudding when the pot skipped up to her door.

"You are just what I need to boil my pudding in," she said.

She filled the little pot with all kinds of good things, — flour, butter, sugar, fruit, and spices.

"Now boil," she said. The pudding boiled and boiled and boiled. At last it was done.

Tap, tap, went the three little legs. The pot jumped from the fire and skipped out of the door and down the road.

"Stop, stop!" cried the rich man's wife. "Where are you going with my pudding?"

"Home again," called the pot, and the rich man's wife could not stop it.

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The poor little boy and his mother had all the pudding they could eat.

II

The next morning the wonderful pot said, "I skip, I skip."

"How far do you skip?" asked the mother.

"To the rich man's barn," answered the pot.

It skipped out of the door and up the road as fast as its three legs could carry it. It stopped at the barn door. Inside the threshers were threshing grain.

"See that fine little pot," cried the threshers. "We can use it to store away a part of our wheat."

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Then the threshers poured a peck of wheat into the pot. There was room for more. They poured in a bushel of wheat, and still there was room for more. They poured and poured. At last the pot held all the rich man's wheat.

Tap, tap, went the three little legs. Out of the door skipped the little pot and down the road it went.

"Where are you going?" called the threshers.

"Home again," called back the wonderful little pot.

The threshers ran after it, but they could not catch it.

Now the poor little boy and his mother had all the bread that they could eat.

The next morning the wonderful pot said, "I skip, I skip."

"How far do you skip?" asked the mother.

"To the rich man's counting house," said the pot.

It skipped out of the door and up the road as fast as its three legs could carry it.

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The rich man sat in his counting house counting his gold. The wonderful pot skipped through the window and jumped upon the table.

"Just what I need to measure my gold," said the rich man, and he filled the pot to the rim with gold dollars.

Tap, tap, went the three little legs. Out of the window jumped the pot and down the road it ran.

"Where are you going?" called the rich man.

"Home again," called back the little pot.

The rich man ran and ran, but he could not catch it.

Now the poor little boy and his mother had all the gold that the rich man had stolen from them.

III

The next day the wonderful pot said, "I skip, I skip."

"Why do you skip, little pot?" asked the

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mother. "We need nothing more. We have pudding, bread, and gold."

"I go to get the rich man," answered the little pot.

The rich man saw the little pot skipping along the road. "Ah! you wicked little pot," he cried, "you took my pudding, and my wheat, and my gold. I will break you to bits."

He caught the little pot by the handle, and his hand stuck. He could not pull it away, and all the time he was growing smaller and smaller. At last he found himself inside the pot.

"I skip, I skip," said the wonderful pot for the last time. Tap, tap, went the three little legs.

The pot skipped gayly off with the rich man inside. Nobody knew where they went, for they never came back.

—Danish Tale.

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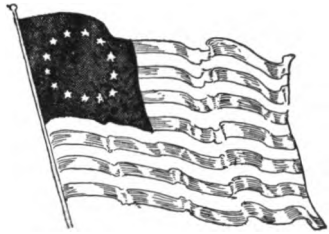

OUR FIRST FLAG

I

PLACE: Independence Hall.
TIME: 1776.

WASHINGTON: Gentlemen, our country is to have a flag of its own, and we have been asked to draw a design for it.

Have you a design, Mr. Morris?

MR. MORRIS: No, General, I have no design.

WASHINGTON: Have you a design, Colonel Ross?

COL. ROSS: No, General, I have none. I felt sure that you would know best what to do.

Have you a design?

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WASHINGTON: Yes, I have one in my pocket. I should like to know what you think of it.

MR. MORRIS: Good, good! Let us see it.

WASHINGTON (*showing it*): Here is a blue field in the left-hand corner. On this field there are thirteen stars. The stars are for our thirteen colonies.

And here are thirteen stripes — a stripe for each colony. The stripes are red and white.

MR. MORRIS: I like the design very much, indeed. I think it would make a beautiful flag for our country.

COL. ROSS: I think so, too.

WASHINGTON: But who will make the flag? I know of no one who can do it.

COL. ROSS: I think I know a woman who can make it. My niece, Mrs. Betsy Ross, sews well. I am sure she can make the flag.

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WASHINGTON: Good! Where does she live?

COL. ROSS: On Arch Street, sir.

WASHINGTON: Come, gentlemen. We will go to see Mrs. Ross and ask her to make the flag.

II

(At the home of Mrs. Ross.)

MAID: Oh, Mrs. Ross! I see Colonel Ross coming up the steps. And two gentlemen are with him. One of them is General Washington.

MRS. ROSS: Are you sure it is General Washington?

MAID: Yes, yes! I know it is, for I have seen his picture.

MRS. ROSS: Dear me! The great Washington! Let me see if my cap is straight.

There is a knock; run and open the door.

(Gentlemen enter.)

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MRS. ROSS: Good morning, Uncle.

COL. ROSS: Good morning, Betsy. This is General Washington. And this is Mr. Morris.

(Gentlemen make low bow, and Mrs. Ross curtsies.)

WASHINGTON: Mrs. Ross, we have come to ask you to make the new flag for our country. Can you do it?

MRS. ROSS: I do not know. Have you a design?

WASHINGTON: Yes, here it is.

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MRS. ROSS: Oh, yes! I can make that. But, General Washington, the stars in your design have six points. The stars in the sky have only five points.

WASHINGTON: Yes, that is true, but I did not know how to make a star with five points.

MRS. ROSS: I can do it with one clip of the scissors. This is the way I do it.

(Folds paper and cuts.)

WASHINGTON: That is a fine star. I did not know one could be cut so easily.

MRS. ROSS: When do you wish to have the flag, sir?

WASHINGTON: Just as soon as you can make it.

MRS. ROSS: I will begin at once.

WASHINGTON: Thank you, Mrs. Ross.

GENTLEMEN (*bowing low*): Good day, Mrs. Ross.

MRS. ROSS (*curtsying*): Good day, gentlemen.

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III

(At the home of Mrs. Ross. Washington knocks, and Mrs. Ross opens the door.)

WASHINGTON: Good morning, Mrs. Ross. I received your message, and I have come to get the flag.

MRS. ROSS: Here it is, General. I hope you will like it.

(Shows the flag.)

WASHINGTON: It is a beautiful flag, Mrs. Ross. You have done well.

MRS. ROSS: Thank you, sir.

WASHINGTON: And you have had the honor of making our country's first flag. You should be proud of this, Mrs. Ross.

MRS. ROSS: I am, sir. My children and my children's children will be proud of it, too.

WASHINGTON: I am sure they will. Good-by, Mrs. Ross.

MRS. ROSS: Good-by, General Washington.

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THREE LITTLE SISTERS

I know three little sisters;
I think you know them, too:
One is red, and one is white,
The other one is blue.

Hurrah for these three little sisters!
Hurrah for the red, white, and blue!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah for the red, white, and blue!

I know three little lessons
These little sisters tell:
First is love, then purity,
And truth we love so well.

Hurrah for these three little sisters!
Hurrah for the red, white, and blue!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah for the red, white, and blue!

— E. L. McCord.

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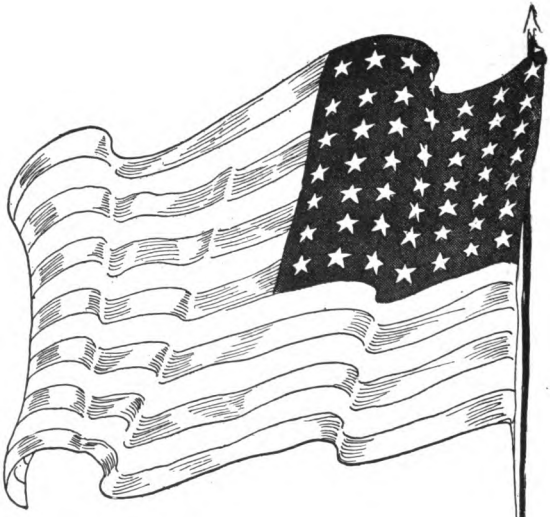

FLAG SALUTE

I give my head,
My hands,
And my heart,
To God and my country.
One God,
One country,
And one flag.

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PETER, THE STONE CUTTER

I

Peter was a poor stone cutter. He was often hungry. His clothes were worn and thin, and he shivered through the long winter months.

Peter was always grumbling at his lot and always wishing for something. One day a lord dressed in a beautiful warm cloak came riding by.

"I wish I had that cloak," said Peter. "Then I should be the happiest man in the world."

In a moment the cloak was around his shoulders, and he was indeed happy.

One rainy day Peter was strutting along in his fine mantle. A horseman rode by and splashed the mantle with mud.

"I wish I had a horse," said Peter. "Then I should be the happiest man in the world."

In a moment he found himself on a fine prancing horse. And then you should have

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seen him. He rode to market, he rode to church. He rode all day and every day.

One day Peter was riding along in the hot sun. "How strong the sun must be!" he cried. "He can do what he likes with us. I wish I were the sun."

In a moment he was the sun. From dawn till night he sent his strong rays to the earth. The grass withered. The corn and grain wilted in the fields. Men and beasts fell down on the hot roads. What cared Peter? He was happy.

II

But one day something passed before the sun and hid the earth from him. It was a cloud.

Peter did not like this at all. "The people can't see me any more," he grumbled. "They see nothing but this gray cloud. I wish I were a cloud."

And a cloud he became. Soon he burst and fell upon the earth, and there was a great flood. He washed away trees and houses.

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"How great I am!" Peter said proudly. "Now I am truly great."

But there was one thing he could not wash away. It was a large rock on the mountain side. Peter tried to shake it, but it would not stir. He tried again, but it did not move.

Then Peter cried, "This rock is greater than I! I wish I were a rock."

And a rock he became. He stood on the mountain side, steady, strong, unmoved.

"How great I am now! Nothing can move me," cried Peter.

But one day a man came with tools in his hands. Bit by bit he cut into the side of the rock and broke it in two.

Peter did not like this. "How I wish I were the man who can break a rock!" he cried.

In a moment Peter was a stone cutter on the mountain side.

"Hello!" said he, "I am back at my old trade. Who would have thought it was such a good one? Well, one lives and learns."

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WHAT THEY FOUND

Once upon a time there was a proud little hen. She lived in a barnyard with the other chickens, but she was not contented.

One day she hopped up on the fence and said, "I am going to look for the best thing in the world, and that, you know, is a big pile of corn. Yes, a pile of corn as big as a house."

Then the proud little hen jumped from the fence and started off. Soon she met a squirrel.

"Where are you going so fast?" he asked.

"I am going to look for the best thing in the world," said the little hen.

"What may that be?" asked the squirrel.

"A pile of corn as big as a house."

"Oh, no; you are very much mistaken," said the squirrel. "The best thing in the world is a pile of nuts as high as a hill.

"Come with me and we will look for it."

So the squirrel and the hen started down the road together. Soon they met a duck.

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"Where are you two going so fast?" asked the duck.

"We are going to look for the best thing in the world," they said.

"And what may that be?" asked the duck.

"A pile of corn as big as a house," said the hen.

"A pile of nuts as high as a hill," said the squirrel.

"Oh, no; both of you are mistaken," said the duck. "The best thing in the world is a muddy pond as large as the ocean.

"Come with me and we will find it."

The three traveled together to the end of the road. It was a long and dusty walk in the hot sunshine.

They had found no pile of corn, no pile of nuts, and no wide, muddy pond. So they turned around and started back home.

On the way they saw an old woodchuck eating supper by the door of his home in a hollow tree. He looked happy and contented.

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"Where have you three been?" asked the woodchuck.

"We have been looking for the best thing in the world," they said.

"Why, you left it behind you early this morning," said the woodchuck.

"Where?" asked the three.

Then the woodchuck said to the little hen, "You left it in the barnyard."

He said to the squirrel, "You left it in the tree where your home is."

To the duck he said, "And you left it in your own duck pond."

"What was it?" cried the three.

"Content," said the woodchuck, as he took a big bite of apple.

—Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

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THE COBBLER AND THE RICH MAN

A cobbler worked in his shop from morning until night, and as he worked he sang. Tired people who heard him were rested, and sad men and women were cheered as they came near the shop. Children liked to watch him at his work and hear him sing. They called him "Jolly Gregory."

"How can he sing when he works so hard and makes so little?" many asked. But still his singing went on.

Across the road from the cobbler lived a rich man. His home was beautiful, his clothing fine, and his food the best that money could buy. But never in his life had he been known to give to anyone who needed help.

He was really poor, for he lacked one thing which he very much wanted — sleep. Sometimes he could not get to sleep until early morning; then his neighbor's song would waken him. He wished he could buy sleep.

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One day he said to himself, "I believe I will help that cobbler over the way. He has a hard time to make enough money to buy his food and clothes." So he sent for the cobbler.

"Good Gregory," he said, "how much do you earn in a year?"

"How much a year?" replied the cobbler, scratching his head. "I never count my money in that way. It goes as fast as it comes, but I am glad to be able to earn it. I cobble on from day to day and earn a living."

"Well, then, Gregory, how much do you earn each day?" asked the rich man.

"Why, sometimes more and sometimes less," answered the cobbler. "On many days — the holidays — I earn nothing. I wish there were not so many of these; but we manage to live."

"You are a happy man now," said the rich man, "but I will make you happier." And he handed the cobbler five hundred dollars.

"Go spend this money carefully. It will supply your needs for many days," he said.

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The cobbler had never dreamed of so much money before. He thought it was enough to keep him in food and clothes all his life.

He took the money home and hid it, but he hid his joy with it. He stopped singing and became sad. He could not sleep for fear of robbers. He thought that every one who came into his shop was trying to find out his secret, or wished a gift. When a cat ran over the floor, he thought a robber had slipped through the door.

At last the poor man could bear it no longer. He took the money and went to the rich man. "Oh, give me back my songs and my sweet sleep!" he cried. "Here is your money, — every cent of it. I made a poor trade."

The rich man looked at him and said, "I thought I had made you happy. I have not missed your songs, for, strange as it may seem, I have been sleeping soundly ever since I talked with you."

— East Indian Tale.

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THE THREE WISHES

I

(Peter and his wife Margaret are sitting before the fire.)

PETER: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! A poor man's lot is a hard one. Just see this poor hut we live in. I wish we had Mr. Smith's fine farm.

MARGARET: Is that all you wish for? I wish we had Mr. Brown's new house. Mr. Smith's farm is too far from town.

PETER: And I wish we had one of Mr. Smith's fine mules. My old donkey can scarcely carry an empty sack.

MARGARET: And I wish we had Mr. Brown's fat hogs. Some people seem to get things by wishing for them. How I should like to have our wishes come true!

(Just then a fairy enters the room. In her hand she holds a wand.)

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FAIRY: I am the fairy Good Fortune. I have heard your wishes and I should like to see you happy. I promise you that you may have three wishes. But think carefully before you make them.

(Fairy disappears.)

MARGARET: Think of it! Three wishes! How rich and happy we shall be! What shall we wish for?

PETER: Well, let us wait until to-morrow. Then we shall know better what to wish for.

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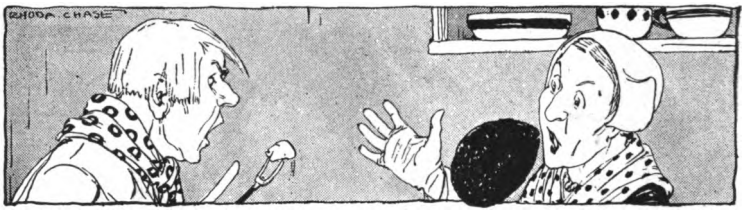

II

(The next day at dinner.)

PETER: I was at neighbor Smith's to-day, and the cook was making black puddings. Ah, such puddings! It would have done you good to see them.

MARGARET: I wish we had one of them right now — just in front of us.

PETER: Good heavens! There it is. And there goes one wish. To think of throwing away a wish on a black pudding! What a stupid woman you are! I wish that pudding were stuck to your nose.

MARGARET: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What is this

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on my nose? Horrors! It is the pudding, and it won't come off.

PETER: Now two wishes are thrown away. Dear me! Dear me!

MARGARET: Yes, and the third one, too, for I must wish this horrid thing off my nose.

PETER: What! Surely you would not throw away all the wishes?

MARGARET: Would you go through life with a pudding on your nose?

PETER: But think of the new house.

MARGARET: What good would a new house do me if I had to carry this pudding all my life?

PETER: Think of the farm!

MARGARET: I have thought of it, and I have thought of my nose, too.

PETER: But, my dear, wish for a fortune; then we could have everything that money could buy.

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MARGARET: No, I will not hear of such a thing. I wish the pudding were gone.

PETER (*looking closely*): Well, it has gone. But our three wishes are gone, too, and we are no better off than we were before.

MARGARET: That is true, but I haven't a black pudding on my nose.

(The fairy appears.)

FAIRY: Well, have you made your three wishes, and are you happy?

PETER: Yes, we have had our three wishes, but we are no better off than we were before.

MARGARET: But we have learned a lesson. To have one's wishes come true does not make happiness.

FAIRY: Ah, then I have done you good. Hereafter I think you will be contented.

—SPANISH TALE.

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THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind that sings so loud a song!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then,
By he comes back at the gallop again.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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THE NAIL

A merchant had been to the fair. He had sold all of his goods and was returning home. His money bags were full of gold and silver.

The merchant's heart was light. His horse was fresh. And his money made a merry clink, clink as he rode along.

Robbers were in the land at that time, and the merchant wished to reach home before night. So he rode very fast.

At noon he reached an inn. Here he stopped to rest himself and his horse.

When he was ready to go on, he called for his horse.

The stable boy said, "Sir, I see a nail is lost from one of the shoes."

"Let it be lost," said the merchant. "I am in a hurry. The shoe will hold for a few hours."

And he mounted his horse and rode on. Late in the afternoon he stopped to rest at another inn.

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The stable boy said, "Sir, your horse has lost a shoe. Don't you wish me to take him to the blacksmith?"

"No, no, let it be lost," replied the merchant. "I have no time to have the shoe put on; I have only a few miles to go. The horse can go that far without a shoe."

He mounted his horse and rode on. Soon the horse began to limp, and he went more and more slowly. Darkness came on, and the merchant was still two miles from home.

Just at a turn in a dark road, a robber sprang from the bushes. The poor horse tried to run, but he fell and broke a leg.

The robber took the money bags and left the merchant sitting by his horse in the road.

"Alas, alas!" he cried, "that unlucky nail was the cause of all this trouble."

—GRIMM.

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe, the horse was lost.

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THE STONE IN THE ROAD

I

There was once a king who tried to teach his people good habits.

"Bad luck comes only to the lazy and careless," he said. "The good things of life go to the busy workers."

One night he put a large stone in the middle of the road near the palace. He wished to see whether the people who passed would move it.

Early in the morning a farmer named Peter came along. He was driving a heavy oxcart.

"Oh, these lazy people!" cried Peter, as he drove his oxen to one side of the road.

"Here is this big stone in the middle of the road. Nobody takes the trouble to move it."

He went on his way scolding about the laziness of other people.

Then came a young soldier singing a merry song. A gay feather was stuck in his hat, and a sword hung by his side.

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He held his head so high that he did not see the stone. He stumbled over it and fell down in the dust.

This put an end to his song. As he rose to his feet he began to scold.

"What silly drones there are around here!" he said. "They have no more sense than to leave a stone in the middle of the road."

Then he passed on, but he did not sing again.

An hour later six merchants came along, carrying their goods in large wagons. They were on their way to a fair.

The merchants drove around the stone and they, too, began to scold.

"Did any one ever see the like?" they cried. "A big stone in the middle of the road, and every one too lazy to move it!"

II

The stone lay there three weeks. It was in everybody's way. Yet everybody that passed left it for someone else to move.

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Then the king called all his people together on a certain day. He had them come to the place where the stone lay.

Old Peter was there. The soldier was there. The six merchants were there.

"I hope that the king will soon find out what a lazy set of people he has, and that he will punish them," said Peter.

"So do I!" cried the soldier.

"So do I!" cried each of the merchants.

Just then the sound of a horn was heard. The king was coming. He rode up to the stone and got down from his horse.

"My friends," said the king. "I put this stone here three weeks ago. It has been seen by every one of you. Yet each of you has left it where it is and scolded his neighbor for not moving it."

Then he stooped down and rolled the stone over. Under it lay an iron box.

The king held up the box. On a paper, which was tied to it, was written —

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"For him who lifts the stone."

The king then opened the box and turned it upside down. Out of it fell a gold ring and twenty bright coins.

"Now you see what any one of you might have had," said the king. "At the same time you would have helped your neighbor."

The people went away with their heads bowed in shame. They had learned a lesson that they did not soon forget.

— Æsop.

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THE CAMEL AND THE JACKAL

I

A camel and a jackal lived in the same forest. They were good friends, but the jackal was always playing tricks on the camel.

One day the jackal was hungry for some crabs. He knew that there were many fine ones on the other side of the river, but how could he get there?

Now, the sly jackal always had a way of getting what he wanted. He ran to the camel and said, "I know where there is a fine field of sugar cane, friend camel."

"Where? Where?" cried the camel, who liked sugar cane better than anything else.

"On the other side of the river," said the jackal. "If you will take me across, I will show you where it is."

"Very well," said the camel.

He took the jackal on his back and swam across the river.

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The camel began to eat the sugar cane, and the jackal ran along the river bank, feasting on crabs.

The jackal soon ate all the crabs he could find and he wished to go home. But the camel had just begun his meal and he did not care to leave.

The sly jackal always had a way of getting what he wanted, you remember. So he ran round and round the field singing and

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shouting. Then he ran away.

The people had heard him singing and shouting. "There is a jackal in the sugar cane field," they cried, and they ran down to the field to drive him away.

No jackal was there, but they found the camel. They drove him from the field, beating him until he was almost dead.

II

By and by the jackal came back.

The camel said, "That was a mean trick you played on me, friend jackal. Why did you make such a noise?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the jackal. "It is a little habit I have. I always shout and sing after dinner."

"Oh, you do," said the camel. "Well, we had better go home now."

So the jackal got on the camel's back, and the camel started across the river.

In the middle of the stream the camel stopped.

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"What is the matter?" asked the jackal.

"Nothing," said the camel. "I only wish to roll over."

"Oh, don't do that!" cried the jackal. "I can't swim and I shall be drowned. Why do you wish to roll over? That is a strange thing to do."

"Oh, I don't know," said the camel. "It is a little habit I have. I always roll over after dinner."

The camel rolled over in the deep water, and the jackal fell off. The poor jackal was nearly drowned, but the camel easily swam to the shore. After that, the jackal played no more tricks on the camel.

—East Indian Tale.

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THE JACKALS AND THE LION

I

Once upon a time a great lion lived in a jungle. He was king of the jungle, and all the animals were afraid of him.

Every morning he came from his den with a loud roar. The animals ran here and there, but the lion always found them. He would pounce upon one every day and eat him.

This went on for a long, long time. At last the only living creatures left in the jungle were two jackals. A very bad time the jackals had, running this way and that to escape the terrible lion.

Every day Mother Jackal would say, "Oh! he will catch us to-day. I know he will! Do you hear how he is roaring? Oh, dear!"

And Father Jackal would say, "Never fear, I will take care of you."

But one day the lion was so close upon them that they could not escape. "What shall we do?" cried Mother Jackal.

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"Cheer up," Father Jackal answered, "we can save ourselves yet. Come; I will show you how we can do it."

And what do you think? The two cunning jackals went straight toward the great lion. When he saw them coming, he roared and shook his mane.

"You little wretches," he cried, "come and be eaten at once. I have had no dinner for three days, and I have been running over hill and dale to find you."

He lashed his tail and shook his mane; he gnashed his teeth and roared in a terrible way.

Creeping quite close to the lion, Father Jackal said, "O King Lion, we know you are our master. We would have come to you long ago, but there is a much greater ruler than you in this jungle. He tried to catch and eat us, and we have been running from him."

"What do you mean?" growled the lion. "There is no ruler in this jungle but me."

"Ah, sir," answered the jackal, "one

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would think so, for you are very powerful. But this lion is more powerful than you."

"What!" cried the lion. "That cannot be."

"Oh, yes," said the jackal, "for we saw him with our own eyes. His face is like fire, his step is like thunder, and his roar is awful."

"Nonsense!" cried the lion. "But show me this ruler that I may tear him to pieces."

II

The little jackals ran before the lion until they reached a great well. Then Father Jackal pointed to the lion's image in the water and said, "Look, sir, there lives the terrible ruler."

When the lion looked into the well, he became very angry. He thought he saw another lion there. He lashed his tail and shook his great mane.

The lion in the water lashed his tail and shook his mane. This made the king very angry indeed. With a great roar, he sprang into the well.

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The sides of the well were so steep that he could not get out. After struggling in the water for some time, he sank to rise no more.

The jackals danced around the well, singing,

The king is dead.
A-o! a-o! a-o! a-o!
The king is dead.
A-o! a-o! a-o! a-o!
Ring-a-ting — ding-a-ting!
Ring-a-ting — ding-a-ting!
The king is dead!

— East Indian Tale.

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PIG: I wonder why the farmer is giving me so much corn now. He gives me more than I can eat. I eat and eat, but I cannot eat it all. I'll go and ask friend sheep.

SHEEP: Good day, friend pig, and thanks for our last merry meeting.

PIG: Good day, and the same to you.
Friend sheep, I came to ask you why the farmer is feeding me so well. Do you know?

SHEEP: Yes, friend pig, I know. He is feeding me well, too.
He is going to kill us. He will sell you for pork and me for mutton.

PIG: Oh, no! Oh, no! I shouldn't like to be sold for pork.

SHEEP: No, and I shouldn't like to be sold for mutton. But, listen, I have a plan. Let us run away.

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PIG: Where shall we go?

SHEEP: Oh, we can go to the woods and build us a house. A home is a home, be it ever so homely.

PIG: Yes, and good company is such a comfort. Let us set off.

GOOSE: Good day, good sirs, and thanks for our last merry meeting.

SHEEP: Good day, and the same to you.
You must know that we are going to the woods to build us a house.

GOOSE: Can't I go with you? You know it's child's play where three share the day.

PIG: Hissing and gabbling will not build a house. What else can you do?

GOOSE: I can pick moss and fill the cracks.
I can make the house tight and warm.

PIG: Well, if there is one thing I like more than another, it is to be warm. You may come with us.

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RABBIT: Good day, good sirs, and thanks for our last merry meeting.
Whither away so fast to-day?

SHEEP: Good day, and the same to you.
We are off to the woods to build us a house, for try all the world round, there's nothing like home.

RABBIT: As for me, I have a house in every bush — yes, a house in every bush. Yet I have a mind to go with you and help build the house.

PIG: Pray tell us what you could do to help build a house. Jumping and running will not build it.

RABBIT: There is work for every one to do in this world. I have sharp teeth to gnaw pegs, and I have paws to drive them in the wall.
In fact, I am a good carpenter. Good tools make good work, you know.

PIG: Enough said. I see that you know how to do your part. Come on.

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ROOSTER: Good day, good sirs, and thanks for our last merry meeting.
Whither away so fast to-day?

SHEEP: Good day, and the same to you.
We are off to the woods to build us a house, for —

"He who out of doors shall bake,
Loses at last both coat and cake."

ROOSTER: So say I. Now, if you please, I should like to join such a good company and help build the house.

PIG: Flapping and crowing will not build you a house.

"A jaw on a stick,
Never yet laid a brick."

How can you help us build a house?

ROOSTER: I will be your clock. I am up early, and I wake every one.

PIG: Very true. We could not do better than to take you.

"Early to bed, and early to rise
Makes one healthy, wealthy, and wise."

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PIG: See our new house!
How well I cut those logs!

SHEEP: How well I did to bring all of those logs here! There was many a weary load.

GOOSE: How warm the house is! My work made it so.

RABBIT: And if I do say it myself, I am a good carpenter.

ROOSTER: Cock-a-doodle-do!
I'll sing for you all the year.
I'll sing so loud that all will hear.
Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do!

—NORSE TALE

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THE BOY WHO FOUND THINGS OUT

A king lived in a beautiful palace, but he was not happy. I will tell you why.

His palace was dark, for a very big oak tree grew by it. The king said that if any man would cut down the oak tree he would make him rich. He would also let him marry his daughter. But no one cut it down, for when one chip flew off, two chips came in its place.

The king did not have a good well, and he wished very much for one. He said that if any one would dig a good well, he would make him rich. But no one could dig through the hard, rocky soil.

A poor man with three sons lived near the palace. The names of his sons were Peter, Paul and Boots. Boots was the youngest.

One day the poor man told his sons that they must work for their bread.

They said, "We will cut down the king's oak and dig his well. Then we shall be rich."

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So they started for the palace. As they came to a forest, they heard some one chopping.

Boots said, "What is that? I will go to see," and he started off. His brothers made fun of him, but he did not care. He climbed a steep hill, and there he saw an ax chopping a tree, but there was no man near.

"Good day," said Boots to the ax. "How strange that you can cut down a tree!"

"I have been chopping here a long time," said the ax. "I am waiting for you."

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"Then I will take you with me," said Boots.

He took the ax off its handle and put both into his bag. Then he climbed down the hill to his brothers.

They said, "What did you find up on the hill?"

"I found the ax that we heard," said Boots, and his brothers laughed at him.

They went on a little way and they heard some one digging.

"What can that be?" asked Boots. "I will go to see."

His brothers said, "Oh, it was only a woodpecker pecking at a tree."

But Boots climbed the steep hill again. He looked about and saw a spade digging away, but there was no man near.

"Good day," said Boots to the spade. "Why do you dig here alone?"

"I am waiting for you, my boy," said the spade.

"Well, here I am," said Boots, and he took

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the handle off the spade and put both into his bag. Then he climbed down the hill to his brothers.

"Well, what did you see, Boots?" they asked.

"I saw the spade that we heard," said Boots, and they called him a silly goose.

Then they went on till they came to a brook.

They drank from the brook; then sat down to rest.

"I'm going to see where this brook comes from," said Boots.

"Don't be such a fool," said his brothers.

But Boots walked on and on up the hill. The brook kept getting smaller. At last he came to a large walnut. The brook was flowing out of it.

"Good day," said Boots to the walnut. "Why are you here alone?"

"I am waiting for you," said the walnut.

"Well, I am here," said Boots.

He took some moss and stopped up the hole

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in the nut, so that the water could not run out. Then he put the walnut into his bag and ran down the hill to his brothers.

"Well," said his brothers, "did you find where the water came from?"

"It ran out of a hole," said Boots.

"Ha! ha!" laughed his brothers. "How silly you are!"

At last they came to the king's palace. They told the king that they wished to try to cut down the big oak.

The king said, "You may try if you wish, but if you do not cut down the oak, I shall send you far away and you shall never come back again."

Peter tried first, but for every chip that he cut, two grew in its place. So the king sent him away.

Then Paul tried, but he did no better. So the king sent him away.

Then Boots tried. He took the ax out of his bag and put it into its handle.

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Then he said, "Chop away." How the chips flew! Soon the tree fell over, and the king said, "Well done, my brave boy!"

"Now I wish to dig the well," said Boots with a smile.

He pulled the spade out of his bag and put it on its handle. Then he said, "Spade, dig away!"

The spade obeyed and dug so fast that a deep well was soon made.

Then Boots took the walnut out of his bag. He pulled out the moss and the water began to flow. He threw the walnut into the well and soon the well was full of good cold water.

The king was now happy, for the sun shone into his palace and he had good water to drink.

Soon after Boots married the king's daughter. The king gave them a beautiful home and all the money they wanted, and they were happy ever after.

— Scandinavian Folk Tale.

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THE BLUEBIRD

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! The skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree, swinging and swaying:

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!"

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise;
Bright little crocus, come open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils, daffodils! say do you hear?
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!"

—Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller.

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DORA, THE GIRL OF THE LIGHTHOUSE

Little Dora lived with her father in a lighthouse on a rocky island out in the ocean.

There was a big light in the lighthouse to warn ships of the rocks and to show them which way to go. Dora's father took care of this big lamp and kept it burning brightly every night.

Little Dora had no mother to care for her. She could not go to school because the schoolhouse was on the mainland, which was far away.

But Dora had learned to amuse herself. Every bright day she went out to play in the sand, and to pick up stones and shells among the rocks.

At night she climbed the long flight of steps with her father to the top of the lighthouse, where the great lamp hung. She liked to see him light it, and to watch its long, strong rays flash out over the sea.

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One day her father said, "I must go to the mainland to buy some things to eat and a pair of shoes for my little girl. I shall return soon. You may play on the shore until I come back."

He got into his boat, and sailed away. Dora stood and watched it dance over the waves. At last it was so far away it looked like a speck in the distance.

Then she turned to play in the sand. But there was no sunshine. And what was that? The rain had begun to fall, and Dora ran into the house.

She stood by the window and watched the rain come down faster and faster. The sea, which grew rougher and rougher, was tossing about in great waves. She looked for her father but saw no boat coming from the mainland.

Dora felt very lonely but knew that she must not be afraid. She thought of her father's supper and ran to get it ready. She

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spread the cloth and set the table; then made a fire and lighted a lamp. Soon everything was bright and cheerful for her father when he should come.

Night was falling, and the storm grew wilder. Dora knew that her father could not return in his frail boat. What would happen if the lamp

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was not lighted? What would become of the sailors out on the stormy sea?

The lamp must be lighted. Dora was a brave girl, although she was small. She took a box of matches and went up the long flight of stairs that led to the tower. She tried to light the lamp as she had seen her father do, but she was not tall enough to reach it.

Down the stairs she went to get her little chair. She could stand on that and reach the light. It was hard to carry the chair up so many steps, but at last she reached the top. Standing on the chair, she lighted the great lamp. In a second it was sending its long, strong rays over the ocean.

For a long time Dora watched the light and listened to the wind and rain. She thought of her father and of the sailors at sea and was glad that the great lamp was sending out its guiding rays.

Soon a fog settled over the sea, and Dora knew that the light was growing dim. She

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remembered the great fog bell her father sometimes rang. The sailors could hear the bell, even if they could not see the light.

The big rope was hard to pull, for the bell was very heavy. But Dora pulled and pulled, and the bell began to ring. How glad she was to hear the deep tones go over the water.

The bell rope grew heavier and heavier, and little Dora was very, very tired, and oh! so sleepy. Could she keep awake? Yes, she must.

When the storm was over, and day had come, Dora's father rowed to the lighthouse as fast as he could. He was so anxious about his little girl that he scarcely waited to anchor his boat.

Up the stairs he ran, two steps at a time. In the lighthouse tower he found his brave daughter. She was fast asleep, with the bell rope in her hand, and the great lamp was still burning brightly.

—Old Story.

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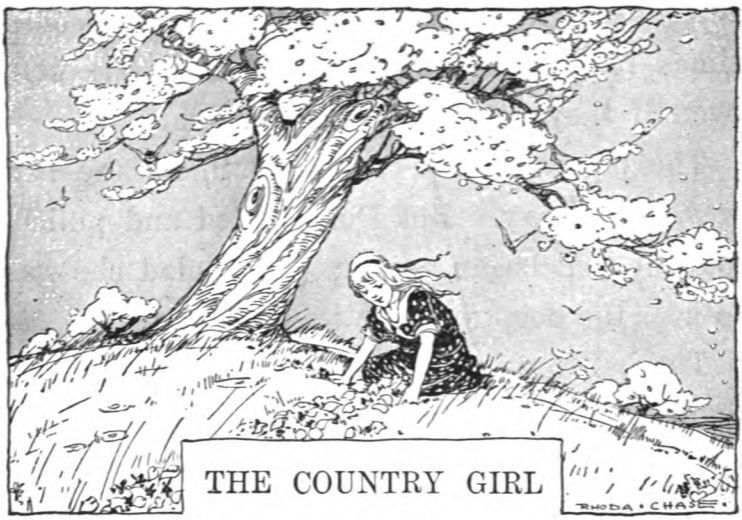

What do you do in springtime,
Little country girl?

I stroll around in the sunshine bright,
And search for violets, blue and white.

I walk in the orchard just to see
The showery bloom of the apple tree.

What do you do in summer,
Little country girl?

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I speak to the Echo on the hill,
I walk by the pine trees tall and still.

I call the cows at close of day,
I trim leaf-bonnets with flowers gay.

What do you do in autumn,
Little country girl?

There's a walnut tree by the garden wall,
And I pick up the walnuts when they fall.

And I watch the leaves as they tumble down,
Yellow and scarlet and golden brown.

What do you do in winter,
Little country girl?

When the wind goes whistling through the trees,
I sit on the hearth with my A B C's.

And at night when the fire is burning low,
My grandmother tells of the long ago.

And then we have apples, and bread, and tea.
I'm sure that the country's the place for me.

—Lucia B. Cook.

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IRMGARD'S COW

I

Irmgard was a little Swiss girl.

Her father was a guide, her brother was a herdsman, and her sister was a milkmaid. Her mother was the dearest mother in the world, so Irmgard thought.

Irmgard had a cow. Yes, a cow of her very own. It was a present from her uncle, who lived far away across the mountains.

He had sent the cow by her brother Peter, with a message which pleased Irmgard very much.

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"Tell Irmgard," her uncle had said to Peter, "that this cow is her own. She must learn to milk and churn and to make butter. When I come at Christmas to see her, I shall expect a pound of butter made by her own little hands for my Christmas gift."

You can guess how Irmgard felt when she heard this. Sister Rose said, "I will teach you how to do all these things, as soon as the cows come home from their summer pasture."

In Irmgard's country, the herdsmen took the cows every spring to the pastures high up in the mountains. There the grass grows green and the cool winds blow.

The milkmaids go, too, to take care of the milk. They all live happily in the highlands till snow comes in the fall.

Irmgard wanted her cow to go with the others, of course. The very first night after the cow came, Irmgard told her all about the fresh green grass high up on the mountains.

"The cows will be going to pasture very

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soon," she said, "and I know you would like to go, too; so I shall let you. I shall let you go where the flowers bloom and the grass grows green. Brother Peter says that it is a most wonderful place. You can see the snow on the top of the mountain, while you eat the grass on the slopes.

"You must grow fat, you know, and give a great deal of milk. When you come back in the fall, I shall milk you myself."

The cow chewed her cud and switched her tail as she listened; but Irmgard knew by her eyes that she was anxious to go.

II

It was a great day when the cows started to the pasture. All the cows in the village went. They wore bells about their necks.

Irmgard's cow had ribbons on her horns, and the little girl thought she was the prettiest cow in the whole line.

Irmgard watched the cows as long as they

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were in sight. Once her cow looked back and called, "Moo, moo!" just as if she were saying good-by.

"Good-by," cried Irmgard.

"Good-by," said her brother Peter and her sister Rose, who were going, too. Then away they all went, leaving Irmgard in the valley.

Summer was a busy time for Irmgard. She was her mother's chief helper when her sister was away, and there was always something for her to do.

The days slipped by quickly — too quickly. Irmgard was surprised one evening in the early fall when her father said,

"I passed the cows on the road to-day. They will be here to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Irmgard, dancing with delight.

"Yes, to-morrow," said her father, "and your cow" — here he stopped and put his hand over his mouth.

"I can't tell. It is a secret," he said.

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"Oh, father, father, please tell!" she begged. "What is it about my cow?"

But her father would not tell. "I can't tell, even if you guess it," he said. "Peter and Rose said to me again and again, 'Don't tell Irmgard that her cow'" —

Irmgard could not keep from trying to guess.

"My cow gives more milk than any other!" she cried.

No, that was not right; she knew by her father's smile.

"Her milk is the richest!"

Still she was wrong.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, "what do you think it can be?"

"I am not going to guess," said her mother, "because it is a secret; but perhaps you will dream it when you go to sleep to-night."

So Irmgard went to sleep, and she dreamed all night of cool pastures and green grass and gentle cows. But she could not dream what the wonderful secret was.

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III

Early the next morning Irmgard went out and sat by the roadside, and waited and watched — waited and watched. It seemed to her as if she could not wait another minute.

Just then she heard a sound far up the road. "Tinkle, tinkle!" it said.

Irmgard knew what that meant. The cows were coming! "Tinkle, tinkle!" They were a little nearer. "Tinkle, tinkle!" Now she could see them.

The leader stepped proudly in front. Then came Aunt Gundel's cows. They were very sleek and fat.

The herdsmen nodded to the little girl.

"Good morning, Irmgard," they said, and they smiled as if they knew the secret.

Then came her neighbor with his cows. He, too, looked at Irmgard and called out as he passed, "Good news for you, Irmgard."

"Oh, what can it be? What can it be?" cried Irmgard. "Will our cows never come?"

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At last her mother's cows came slowly down the path. There were six of them, and they greeted Irmgard with their soft, loving eyes.

"We know," they seemed to say, "but we cannot tell."

Irmgard almost held her breath with excitement. There came her sister Rose (she was smiling) and her brother Peter (he was smiling, too), and her cow — and close behind trotted the dearest, loveliest, frisky baby calf!

The secret was out and Irmgard was the happiest little girl in Switzerland. Her cow had a calf!

— MAUD LINDSAY.

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WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN DOING?

What are the bright eyes watching
Under the Southern sun?

Oh, the roses fair in the balmy air,
And the vines that climb and run.

What are the bright eyes watching
Under the Northern sky?

Feathery snow, while the chill winds blow,
And the clouds go drifting by.

What are the children doing
Alike in the cold and the heat?

They are making life gay on the darkest day
With the sound of their little feet.

What are the children learning
Alike in the East and West?

That a Father's hand is o'er sea and land —
That of all things, Love is best.

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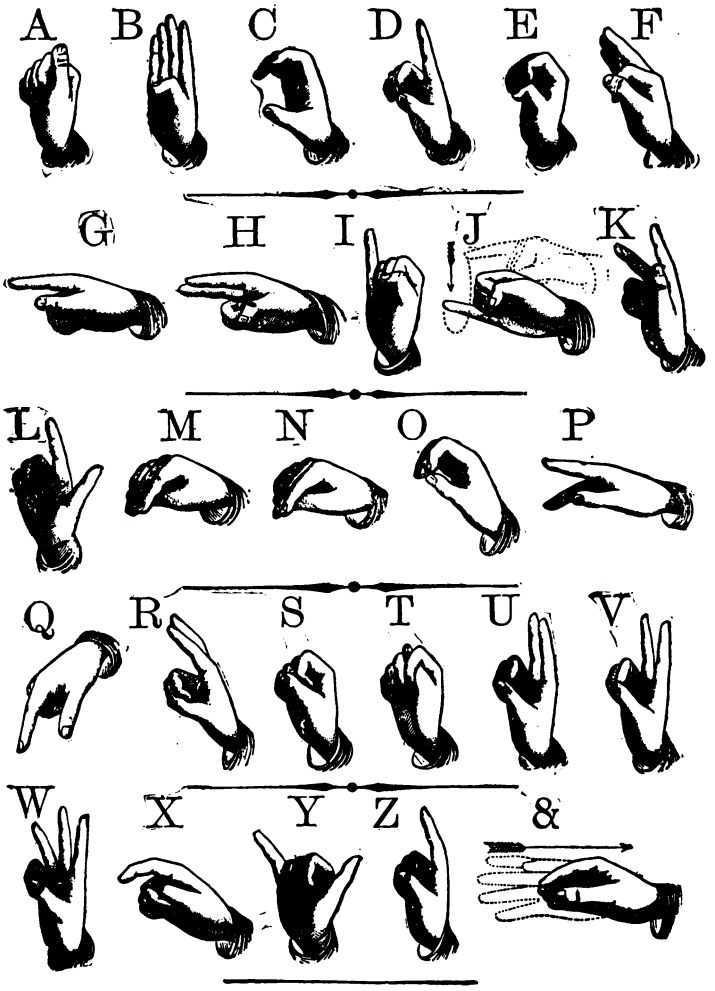

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WORD LIST

9
held
pricked
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smooth
rode

10
blacksmith
coal
storekeeper
candy
iron

11
fresh
miller

12
miner
lump

13
loaded
pulled
valley
people
engine
smokestack
puffed

14
busy
smaller
heavy

15
rate
hitch
steeper

16
reached
easy
happiest

17
bonny
silver
afloat
rosy
answer
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sunset

18
places
pouting
punish
themselves
sorry
naughty
missed

19
since
shone
dandelions

21
large
hoed
wither
raindrops
feel
perhaps
cheer

22
thirsty
stalk
alive
shower
gladness
ripened

23
leaf
twig
afraid
branch
through
summer
colors

24
clothes

25
dropped
dancing
winter
content
blanket

26
flower
dead
lift
frost

27
wren
war
beasts
hornets
humming
tramping
growling
howling

28
lead
army
orders
brave
watch
lives

29
both
animals
whirring

30
front
battle
straight
stung
third
won

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31

elephant
tiger
lion
saucy
fellow
followed

32

gruff
grandson
muddy
bananas
climb
trunk

33

strips
birch
close
bind
bound
farther

34

mosquitoes
reins
nearly
split

35

monkey
behold
clever
neither
better
replied
whether

36

agree
yonder
river
fruit
stream

37

proudly

38

easily
rich
swam
trumpeted
question
own

39

Reynard
Bruin
share
crops
grain
fodder

40

turnips
forgotten
partner
wonder

41

flows
forever
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castles
foam
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hundred
miles

42

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hour
leaden
soldiers
different
uniforms
drills
among
ships
fleets
sheets
brought
cities
giant
dale
plain
counterpane
pleasant

43

Davie
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bread
study
lesson
edge

44

thread
neck
root
course
else
suppose

45

bantam

46

guinea
wide
suit
foot

47

almost
minute

48

stood
bothering

51

story

52

cuddle
daddy
wander
clear
cloudy

53

cloaks
shaken
swells
visit
cozy
whole
fairness

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54
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already
surely
leather
enough
pair
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55
starve
break
quickly
pinch

56
bench
strange

57
dollars
worth
grocer

58
thankful
months

59
hurry
shoemaker
job
bonnet
expect
elf

60
creatures
floor
to-morrow

61
believe

63
mare
colt
wild
midnight
hammering
whistling

64
tiptoe
least
between

65
odd
tiny
peered
sharply
elfin
wore
apron

66
body
streak
snatched
lightning
build
afterward
plenty
shod
left

67
stranger
music
became

68
part
felt

69
brothers
whispered
patches
nature
darning
needles
slender
view
cobweb
thimble

70
Thanksgiving
palace
Middle-sized
sparkled

71
bunch
Cinderella
basket
snuggled
beneath

72
lady
promised

73
chosen
pointing
coach
whirled

74
mince
quince
jams
jellies
peaches
grapes
gingerbread
turkey
mellow
repeat
jolly

75
stew

76
piece

77
tasted
potatoes
tomatoes

78
real
feast
bowl
loss
flavor

79
gander
gobbler
corner

81
deed

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82
sweetest
prettiest
gladly

83
favor
worms

84
stared
ugly

85
ugliest

86
honey
half
safe

87
Knee-high
travel
captain

88
window
flakes
chasing
covered
rosebush
pile
path

89
fireplace

90
wide awake
shiver
sleigh
drawn
reindeer

91
flannel
downstairs
presents
dishes

92
oranges

93
silently
bugles
host
dozens
fastened

94
blast
blown
mounts
hearth
floor
roof
glides
noiselessly
goodies
touches
crumbs
mission

95
sailing
violin

96
bumblebee
knocked

97
careful
untied

101
smelt
happened
quiet

104
escape
wheel

105
bottom

106
foolish

107
barber

109
short
bushy
trouble
jealous

110
chance

111
wrapped
frozen

112
hollow
pleasure

114
stolen

116
pudding
spices
sugar
flour

117
wonderful
threshers

118
poured
bushel

119
measure

120
wicked
handle
gayly

121
General Washington
gentlemen
country
design
Mr. Morris
Colonel Ross

122
thirteen
colonies
niece
stripes
Betsy Ross

123
Arch Street
picture
straight

124
uncle

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125
points

126
honor
receive
message

127
hurrah
purity
truth

128
heart

129
cutter
worn
grumbling
strutting
prancing
mantle

130
dawn
wilted
burst
flood

131
truly
stir
mountain
move
steady

132
contented
mistaken

133
muddy
ocean
dusty
woodchuck

135
cobbler
Jolly Gregory
neighbor
clothing

136
scratching
earn
less
holidays
manage
supply

137
secret
robber
cent

138
mules
donkey
scarcely

139
fortune

140
stupid

141
horrors
thrown

143
toss
skirts

145
merchant
returning
inn
afternoon
stable

146
cause
trouble

147
habits
lazy
drove
scolding
laziness
sword

148
stumbled
drones
sense

149
written
certain
rolled

150
coins
twenty
forget

151
camel
jackal

152
banks
meal
remember

153
mean

154
nearly

155
jungle
roar
pounce

156
save
mane
wretches
gnashed
terrible
ruler

157
powerful
thunder
awful
nonsense
image
tear
pieces
lashed

158
struggling
rise

159
pork
mutton

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160
homely
company
comfort
share
hissing
gabbling
moss

161
whither
gnaw
carpenter

162
loses
join
brick

163
weary

164
marry
rocky
soil
Paul
Boots

166
woodpecker

167
fool
walnut

169
married

170
swinging
dreary
cheery
leaps
throat
swaying
crocus
daffodils

171
lighthouse
island
warn
burning
mainland
amuse
flight

172
distance
speck
storm
rougher
lonely
return

173
frail

174
sailors
matches
tower
guiding
settled

175
rope
tones
heavier
rowed
anxious
anchor

176
stroll
search
orchard
echo

177
autumn
tumble
scarlet
hearth

178
Irmgard
Swiss
guide
herdsman

179
churn
pasture

180
slopes
deal
chewed
cud
switched
village

181
helper
chief
evening

183
meant
Aunt Gundel

184
greeted
excitement
trotted
loveliest
Switzerland
frisky

185
Southern
Northern
balmy
feathery
drifting

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